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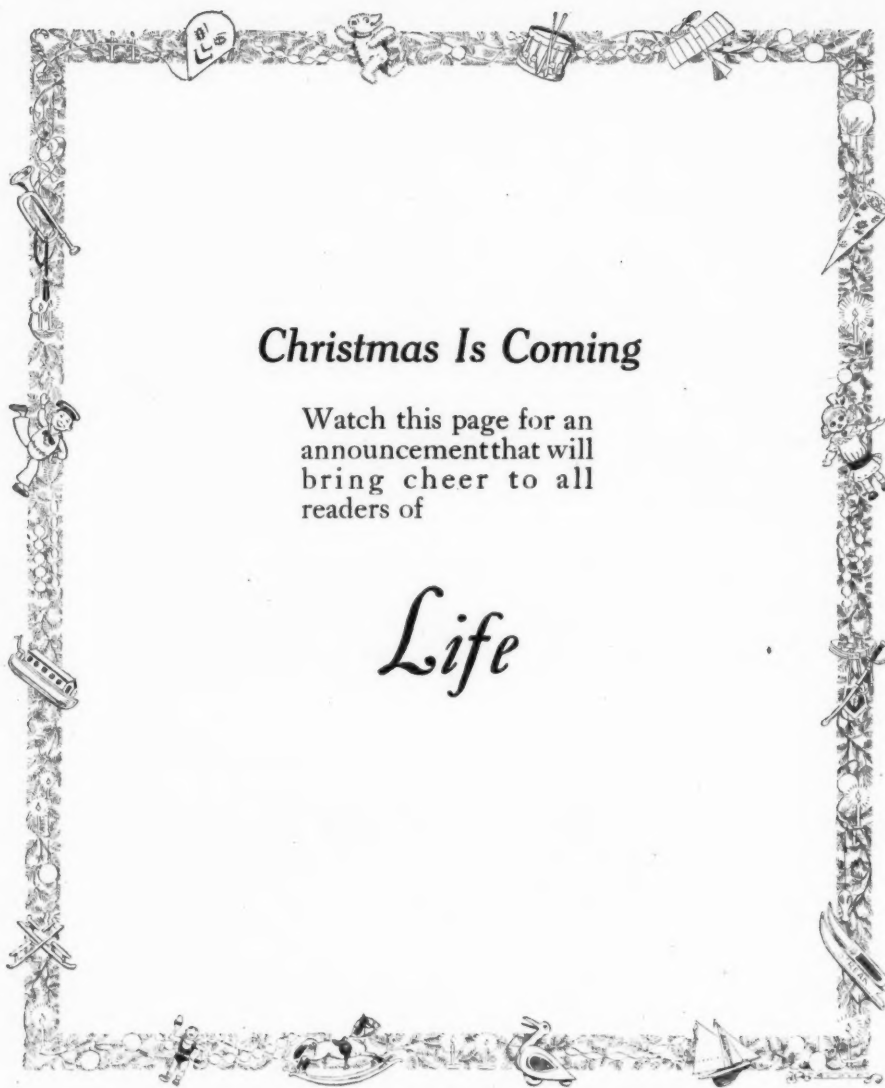
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Leather Goods, Stationery, Canes, Umbrellas*





"SIR, YOU FORGET YOURSELF"

Good Riddance

THOMAS ST. JOHN GAFFNEY, lately United States Consul General at Munich, Germany, is coming home. Since the war began he has been strongly anti-English and pro-German, and there have been many complaints about his pro-German ardor.

Consuls and consuls-general should be strictly neutral, especially in war times, and should be polite and helpful to all comers who have a claim on them. Mr. Gaffney seems to have been neither neutral nor polite.

Mr. Jeremiah Leary and the friends of peace ought to arrange a reception for him when he gets here.

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TO THE

West Indies, Panama, the Central American Wonderland and the Spanish Main

Tropical Cruises de Luxe of twenty-four days' duration sailing from New York Jan. 29, Feb. 12 and March 11, by the beautiful American sisterships

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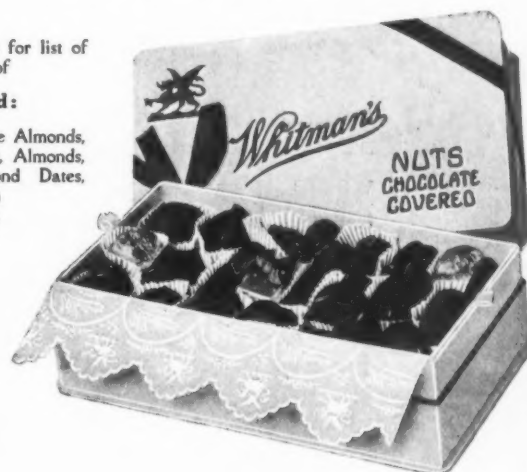
Look on the bottom of the package for list of contents. Contents of this package of

Nuts Chocolate Covered:

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Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

MISS MILLY was rather a talkative young lady. Her bosom friend, having missed her for some time, called to find out the reason.

"No, mum, Miss Milly is not in," the maid informed her. "She has gone to the class."

"Why, what class?" inquired the caller in surprise.

"Well, mum, you know Miss Milly is getting married soon, so she's taking a course of lessons in domestic silence."

—Tit-Bits.

The Time Is Coming

Oh, mother, please, mother, come home with me now; the afternoon's slipping by fast; you said you were coming right home from the polls as soon as your ballot was cast.

Poor father came home for his dinner at noon, and not a mouthful to eat could he find; and the words he let out as he slammed the front door left a strong smell of brimstone behind.

—Indianapolis Star.

THE NAME
Packard
 conveys a definite measure of
Quality
 in a motor car

THIS is no chance condition. It has been planned from the first, and striven for. It is the foundation of Packard supremacy. Packard standards of material, manufacture and design are permanent and authoritative, and have become a basis for judging motor car values. It is only natural that the most significant contribution to current motor car progress — the Packard "Twin-Six" — should have been produced by a company whose immense resources and facilities are focused in a steady effort toward improvement.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Since the announcement of the PACKARD TWIN-SIX there has been a tremendous advance in the cost of most of our raw materials, especially leather, aluminum, high grades of steel, etc. We cannot continue present prices except at a loss.

It is, of course, out of the question to compromise Packard quality — which has been maintained steadfastly for sixteen years. Consequently we have adopted the only alternative and ad-

vanced the prices by the amount of the increase in the cost of materials.

These new prices for Packard Twin Six cars cannot and will not be reduced during the current season. They are as follows:

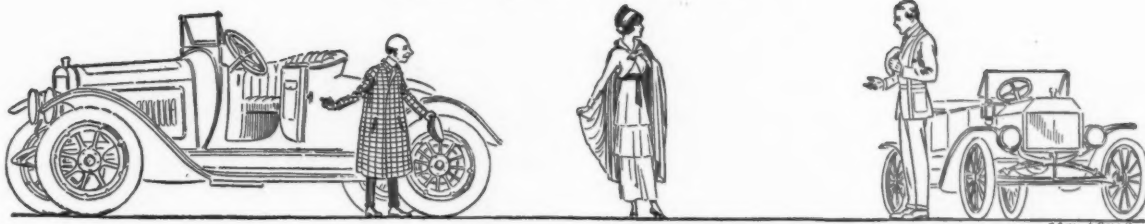
The 1-35 — Wheelbase 135 inches. Thirteen styles of open and enclosed bodies. Price, with any open body, f. o. b. Detroit, \$3,150

The 1-25 — Wheelbase 125 inches. Nine styles of open and enclosed bodies. Price, with any open body, f. o. b. Detroit, \$2,750

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Builders also of the Packard Chainless Motor Trucks

LIFE



"MOTHER, I WISH YOU AND FATHER WOULD MAKE UP. OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER SAYS WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES"

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$7,472.86
"Cottage Services, Canandaigua Lake, N. Y.".....	40.00
"J. A. B.".....	10.00
Lewis R. Burns.....	1.00
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	\$7,523.86

The Great Gift of Publicity

MRS. BOISSEVAIN COULD STOP WAR—GIVEN AID OF PRESS, WOULD TURN NATIONS TO PEACE IN MONTH, SHE SAYS—ITALY BARRED HER FOR PACIFIST VIEWS—HAD TO REGISTER AS DUTCH SUBJECT, OWING TO HUSBAND'S NATIONALITY, BEFORE SAILING.

Head-lines in the *Tribune*.

BLESS the woman! What a wonderful self-advertiser she is! Right in the class with Jennings Bryan, Josephus and Henry Ford! What is there about these souls that are forever breaking out from behind a cloud just where the moon rays hit? What was her name? Mc—Mil—Milholland; that was it; Inez Milholland, feminist and suffragist, and now married and a pacifist, and always to beat the very loudest band!

What a gift! And never has to have her diamonds stolen or be kidnaped in a taxicab or any of those trite old subterfuges.

Go back to Europe, Madam Inez; take Bill and Henry with you at Henry's cost (it is a kindness to spend a little of his money), and the ink-shed for you three will drown out the bloodshed of that ravaged continent.



TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING
SCOTCH ROMAN AND A CHIC FIGURE



Magazine Heroine: SIR! HOW DARE YOU CARESS ME. YOU DON'T BELONG IN THE STORY AT ALL!

"OH, NO—BUT I'M THE 'GENTLE READER.'"

Dean Van Amringe and His Funeral

IT was a pity that a man so cheery, kind, competent and universally popular as Dean Van Amringe should have died. To be sure, he was eighty years old, but he had neither lost interest nor ceased to excite it. If he could have lived to see the war out he would probably have liked that, and if he could have lived to read in the *Sun* (Sept. 24) John J. Chapman's word-picture of his funeral in Trinity Church he would certainly have enjoyed it very much.

Anybody must feel complimented whose funeral is written up in an

enjoyable manner. Mr. Chapman's write-up of Dean Van Amringe's funeral was a wonder: something to cut out and put in a scrap book.

The Great Blessing

THERE is something typically ministerial in the statement of the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton that "this war is the greatest blessing that has fallen upon mankind since the German Reformation." This sermon ought to be scattered broadcast over Belgium and distributed in all countries to parents of youths who have been maimed and murdered for the glory of the Kaiser.

\$10,476,592.98



HER FISH STORY

"I CAUGHT IT AT NEWPORT AND IT'S THAT LONG"

A. B. WALKER



HER (K) NIGHT OUT

Marvelous Discovery

DR. VERTIGO FOGG, head physician in the Institute of Butchers and Torturers, contributes an excellent article to this month's *Serum Gazette*. As long as a year ago, it seems, Dr. Fogg, in the course of his experiments, hit upon the epoch-making discovery that many of the ills of mankind are due to overeating, overwork, impure air, improper food, lack of exercise and kindred causes. Since that time Dr. Fogg, with a large corps of devoted assistants, has been diligently cutting up animals of all sorts in the hope of finding a serum which will

not only remedy this condition, but entirely prevent it.

Dr. Fogg is frank to admit that up to the present time the results have not been entirely successful, but, he concludes, with characteristic indomitability, he does not propose to discontinue his efforts so long as there is a live animal on the face of the earth.

E. O. J.

The Rule

"YOU must never forget, my boy, that about one-third of all success is pure luck."

"But how can you make sure of this luck?"

"Why, by being successful."



"An apple a day keeps the doctor away"



The Brown Bear Explains

"WHAT I don't understand," said the hippo, as he displaced nearly all of the water in his bathtub, "is what we've done."

The visitors had not yet arrived at the Zoo, and in the big animal house the usual early-morning conversation was taking place.

"I have an idea," said a small gray wolf across the way, "that they think we're dangerous."

"Nonsense!" growled the lion, pacing up and down and swishing his tail angrily. "If there's one thing we all pride ourselves upon when we are home it is minding our own business. As for my own family, human beings are an acquired taste. It is only when they force themselves into our domain that we eat them. They go to immense pains to take us prisoners—and for what, as you sagely remark, Hippo? What, I wonder, is our particular crime?"

The brown bear now spoke up.

"They do it to their own kind," he now asserted.

"What!" exclaimed everybody. "Impossible!"

"Yes," persisted the brown bear. "It's true. Of course, you see a lot of folks who are free to wander about, who pass here every day—apparently for the sole purpose of taunting and annoying us—but the day I came here I observed a curious thing. At least it furnished me with an object for philosophical reflection."

"Go on!" exclaimed everybody. Even the sloth looked up.

"Well," continued the brown bear, "on my way here I passed a large, massive stone building, with heavy iron bars, such as we have here, in front of every window. There was a high stone fence all around, with a path on top of it, and keepers walking back and forth armed with guns. Inside were a lot of human beings, confined there just as we are. Also there were free people passing in, apparently to poke sticks at them as they do to us. So, you see, these humans do it to their own kind. Singular, isn't it?"

There was a considerable silence. Finally the rhino, who shared with the bear a philosophical temperament, asked:

"How do you account for it?"

"I think I have the solution," said the brown bear. "At any rate, even if it isn't true, nobody here will be able to contradict me in a matter where nobody can really tell. But at least it is an interesting theory, and I am entitled to belief, because I have spent more time than the rest of you in thinking it out."

"Go on!" chorused everybody.

The brown bear smiled.

"Simply this," he replied. "These people that we see moving about freely, without being confined, are all of them bad people, with no virtues and full of criminal instincts. That is plain to all of us. They have bad manners, they are common, cheap, vulgar, and, in fact, utterly impossible. Look how they stare at us, and what they do and say! But they, mind you, are in the majority. Now, we, as my friend the lion has just pointed out so ably,

always mind our own business. We are truly virtuous. They can't stand this. It offends their nasty little pride—makes them jealous. Therefore they go out and capture us and lock us up. They do the same to their own kind. Those they lock up are the really good ones, just like us, who mind our own affairs."

"Your conclusion," said the rhino, "appears to me to be strictly logical and in accordance with all the observed facts and circumstances. But there is just one little thing I should like to ask you. If what you say is true, why don't they kill us all off at once instead of keeping us cooped up—at considerable expense—merely to look at?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the brown bear. "I was hoping that you would enable me to bring out that thought. You see, my friends, that is the whole point. These people are not aware of what I have been saying. They are all laboring under a delusion. They think that they are good and that we whom they keep confined in cages and jails are vicious, and they don't kill us because of their morbid curiosity, which is part and parcel with all their badness. They take a certain kind of degenerate pleasure in looking at those they are deluded into believing are worse than they are."

"As if such a thing were possible!" said the lion.

But at this point the conversation was interrupted by the opening of the doors and the appearance of a diminutive human being, who cried with great gusto:

"Extra! All about the great divorce case!"



Lives of great men all remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.
Longfellow.

Interviews with Dead Celebrities

THE castle was not only in ruins, but was so hidden in a tangled mass of forest that I had great trouble in finding it. But at last my patience was rewarded.

Sitting silently on the rear porch, smoking his ghost of a corn-cob pipe, his great beard reaching to the ground, I discovered him—the most dejected creature I remember ever to have interviewed.

"I am glad to see you," he said, his spectral eye brightening. "You behold in me the victim of the world's greatest injustice, and that is saying a great deal."

"Mr. Bluebeard," I replied, "that is one reason why I have come. I've always been for the under-dog, and I don't mind telling you that I have always entertained for you a great respect. I've always felt that your side of the case had never been properly presented, and I want to give you this opportunity to square yourself."

There was a moment of intense silence. Then, with a voice freighted with emotion, he replied:

"Sir, I thank you. That wife of mine! My, but she was a terror! She never would let me go out nights. I never even could sneak off in the afternoon to play a respectable game of golf but she nagged me about it. Now, with regard to that secret room. Nothing in it, I assure you. That was the only room in the house where I could go off quietly by myself and rest up. If I hadn't kept it under lock and key she would have gone in there, disarranged all my papers, filled it full of sofa pillows, introduced a new system of hygienic decoration, hung up lace curtains, and, in fact, made it unlivable for a simple soul like me. It was the only place I had to go and recuperate from the constant round of feminine festivities she was constantly forcing on me."

"But didn't you get angry one day," I said gently, "and lose your temper when she broke in, and—"

He waved me off.



2000 A. D.

REDUCED FROM TWENTY-FIVE

"Nothing in that, I assure you," he said. "I defended myself, that's all. She wanted to get in there and move all the furniture, and for the only time in my life (can you blame me?) I stood my ground. Then—because she didn't have her own way—she took the car out, drove it at reckless speed, was run into and came to her end. And they say I did it."

He buried his face in his hands.

"Never mind, old fellow," I whispered in his ear as I left him; "you shall be vindicated. I'll give the true story of the most hen-pecked man in history."

Filled with a deep sense of gratitude, he could only press my hand as I made my exit.

Old Adages Disproved

THAT actions speak louder than words. This adage was invented before the formation of the woman-suffrage party, or the birth of Theodore Roosevelt. "Words speak louder than actions," is now the order of the day.

Surprising

THE *Sun* prints a three-column article in defense of the Rock Island Pirates' and Pillagers' Association. The author is an unnamed expert and "critic" of the Interstate Commerce Commission's report on the looting of the Rock Island. Here is part of it:

The Interstate Commerce Commission showed a surprising lack of real information concerning the property, considering that its investigators spent more than fifteen months going over the books of the company, not to mention the various times when it had officials of the property on the stand in Washington.

But, on the other hand, when we note how carefully Mr. Daniel Reid burnt his books every month, and when we consider the marvelously weak memories of all the "officials of the property" when on the stand, and the other highly evolved devices for concealing fraud, we might say that the Interstate Commerce Commission showed a surprising skill in revealing the essential skulduggery of those supreme financial prestidigitations.



"NEVER MIND, DEAR. WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN I'LL BUY YOUR PICTURES AND YOU'LL BUY MINE"

Our Wonderful School System

TEACHER: Attention, please. Now, boys and girls, in accordance with the latest instructions from our revered Board of Education to teach you something useful in order that later on you may become an asset to the State, we will take up the study of the English language. Willie Jones, you may tell us what language is.

WILLIE JONES: Language is—language is—er—what you do when you talk.

TEACHER: With what instruments?

IKEY COHEN: I know, teacher. With hands.

TEACHER (calmly): The class will please come to order. No, Isaac. With the organs of speech. I am now unfortunately obliged to hurry over this very interesting part of our lesson, as this period will be cut short to-day by a visit of the ladies of the Public Education Scrutiny Association. I now write on the blackboard this sentence: "The plowman homeward plods his weary way."

Will some bright boy analyze this sentence? Bertie Highbrow, suppose you try.

BERTIE HIGHBROW (*rather slowly, somewhat painfully, but none the less glibly*): It is an adjectival pronominal indicative pluperfect adverbial complement depending upon the intransitive common denominator, also the praxis of the subjunctive, the verb qualifying the indeterminative clause, first person, indicative mood, masculine, feminine and neuter genders, and shows a state of being.

TEACHER: A fine reply, showing careful study, as is to be expected from our most promising scholar. I have only one suggestion, Bertie. The term common denominator belongs in the arithmetic period—otherwise your recitation is perfect.

SAMMY DULLPATE: Will you please tell me, teacher, what it means?

TEACHER (serenely): You should study for yourself and find out. Remember that the public money can not be squandered on the dullest pupils. The class will now arise, assume a look of intelligence and meet the ladies of the Public Education Scrutiny Association!



HENRY
GRANT
DART

Congress: "I want you to hold yourself in readiness to run down and pacify Mexico at a moment's notice, and, in case of invasion by a hostile power, be prepared to defend the eastern, western and southern coasts of these United States. In the meantime you may be called upon to scatter yourself through the interior in event of an uprising by our foreign-born inhabitants and to mobilize yourself on the Canadian border should trouble arise there. In the interval it will be necessary for you to maintain our sovereignty in the Philippines, Hawaii and in other of our cherished

possessions and uphold the dignity of this great nation at all times.

"You, I believe, have now an appointment to pose for a moving-picture company, and if they finish with you before the expiration of this administration you may return here for further instructions of similar import."



LIFE'S SHORT STORY CONTEST



The contest closed on October 4th. So many thousands of manuscripts have been received, each one necessitating a careful reading, that our friends are invited to exercise all due patience. We shall continue to publish the stories accepted each week in this department until all the manuscripts have been passed upon; and as soon thereafter as possible the prizes will be awarded.

When "Kultur" Was Beaten

By Lieutenant X

KNEE-DEEP in the mud, the French "Alpines," the "Blue Devils," as the Germans called them, were watching the shelling of the enemy's positions. Huge columns of black smoke crowned the white line of trenches below the thicket of spruce, and at each of the terrific explosions chunks of dirt, sandbags and armor plates flew high in the air.

In the expectation of the rush the "Blue Devils" stood leaning on the rifles, some of them laughing and joking, while others, grave and stern, read once more the last letters of the beloved ones.

Corporal Dupin sat down, looking at the photograph of the wife and baby. When hell broke loose Dupin was quietly living in Canada, and he had come as a man of honor to join the colors, leaving his little family on the safer side of the ocean. The morning mail had just brought him news that wife and baby had sailed on the Lusitania, to be nearer to him. . . . How his heart beat hard!

. . . Surely he would come safe out of this struggle, though he would bear himself as gallantly as usual, and perhaps be fortunate enough to get twenty-four hours' leave and meet the wife and baby somewhere, perhaps in Belfast or in Nancy. He could already imagine that meeting. He was happy. How heartily he went to his duty to-day! . . .

He caught the voice of the lieutenant.

"Here, boys!" was the brief command. "You've always done your duty. To-day you have to do it doubly, for Germany has added a new crime to the list. One of her submarines has sunk the Lusitania. There are innocent victims to avenge."

The Lusitania! Greet her! Eagerly Dupin tore the paper from the officer's hands. He read and reread the list of rescued. Two seconds later there was no more room for doubt, and he knew that all he loved in the world had gone down.

Oh, kill! Kill the murderers and avenge! . . . Kill and torture! . . .

How long would the shelling last? When would the signal of the storm come? . . .

Ah! the welcome starlike rocket! The French guns lengthened their shots, shelled the upper line of trenches. . . . A loud shout and a mad rush. . . . The Blue Devils were in action.

Ta, ta, ta, ta. . . . The German machine-guns. Sh! Cirr! Shrapnel burst with a quick flame and little yellow clouds. . . . Dead men fell. . . .

But the remainder kept on running and bouncing until they reached the German works. The "75's" shells had made a mess of the entanglements, and the main trench was a ruin, spotted with corpses. . . . Bullets whistled, grenades exploded, injured men shrieked.

From a black aperture a bullet missed Corporal Dupin as he passed, bayonet forward, after a flying man. He gave that prey off, threw a bomb in the den, and as soon as it had exploded he rushed in.

Covered with blood, a German officer lay down. He menaced Dupin with his empty pistol, when, realizing that everything was over for him, he threw the gun, with a wild laugh, and defiantly and haughtily looked at Dupin. The cold, blue eyes of the Teuton did not mistake Dupin's sentiment. To the corporal's dark, glancing eyes they returned hatred for hatred. Dupin thought that the submarine's commander must have had the same likeness. Yes, this man would pay dearly for the cold-blooded murderer's debt. The hour of vengeance had come.

Dupin did not strike yet. He found sweet to contemplate the agony of his

enemy. . . . He thought of torturing the man. . . . That fellow must suffer. . . .

From loss of blood the German officer suddenly fainted, and Dupin found himself kneeling over the enemy, bathing his wounds, stopping his blood, nursing him as a brother. . . .

Again shrapnel burst. The German artillery was already shelling the conquered trenches. Ready for a new fight, Dupin, before he left the wounded officer, wrapped him in a blanket, left him his own water bottle. A last time he looked at him with a sad but proud smile and said:

"No, we are not the same race. We cannot do the same things."

And they were his last words, for a bullet went through his heart, and, still smiling, but this time very sweetly, Dupin went to meet the beloved ones.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Just fancy the shelling of the trenches and a little French officer trying to keep up the morale (excellent, I should say) of his men, to teach them the contempt of death, or, rather, to show that he is not in that respect inferior to them.

Fancy that same officer reading your *Vive La France* Number of *LIFE* and translating it to his men, then looking at your contest proposition, and finding very funny to fill his fountain pen and write on the first scraps of paper he can procure a very short story.

The author has not the boldness to say that his story is very interesting. He knows, too, that as a Frenchman he does not speak nor write very correct English; but he has sent it to you rather because of the originality of the thing and to show you that the French soldiers appreciate the friendship of America.

At any rate, it is a genuine story of the trenches and a souvenir of the war.

Yours most sincerely,

LIEUTENANT X.

FROM THE TRENCHES,

June 15, 1915.

Presumption of Innocence

By Lyman Bryson

INTO the judge's empty office came the attorney for the defense, followed by his client. The attorney for the defense wore belligerent hair and spectacles. His manner was more upright and simple than his speech, which was full of guile. His

client was heavy, of the ugly fatness often characteristic of ward politicians, porcine, grossly genial. They had come to escape the gaping crowd. The attorney was recovering from his four-hour address to the jury. Sweat stood under

his upstanding hair, and he wiped his wrists with a limp handkerchief.

"Honest John" looked at his lawyer with dull admiration. "Tom, that was a great speech." Then, as if this might be too humble praise for a politician to give his hiring, he added: "Best you ever made."

Tom Jenison made no reply. When he was tired there was a quality of frankness in his eyes as if cleverness had been assumed for business purposes.

"How long will they be out?" asked Honest John, thinking of the twelve who were debating in a near-by room on sending him to the penitentiary for stealing public money.

"How should I know?" Johnson spoke petulantly.

The politician sat quietly, his fat hands folded above the top of his trousers on his negligee shirt. He was thinking that generous public sentiment might avail little with the twelve men now busy with his destiny. He sighed tremulously.

"You're not worried, are you?"

"No—guess not. I'm all right."

The composure of the politician began to desert him. He flushed and sighed and slapped at flies. His jaw relaxed and slid down. His hands trembled.

"Tom," he began, "what are the chances?"

"I don't know. Scared?"

"I'm a little nervous. That's all."

Jenison had loved the fight for its own sake. Spectators supposed he defended Honest John only to earn his huge hire, but that had not been all his motive. It had not occurred to him before that his client was not so courageous as himself. He supported the "presumption of innocence" and pitted himself against machinery of prosecutor and court. But if his client was a coward his fight seemed suddenly unworthy.

Honest John's puffy eyes filled with tears. "You've been a good friend to me, Tom."

"Oh, cut that."

"Yes, you have. I appreciate it."

Jenison, looking at him, wondered that he could ever have thought this man a friend or worth an effort to save. The wretched face sickened him.

"You're the only man who knows how I feel." His client was trying to explain his collapse. "I can't face guilty. I know you'd keep up the fight as long as I kept up the money"—his attorney winced—"but I couldn't stand another trial. I'm ready for 'em."

"Ready? How?"

"I've got it here." Honest John tapped his chest, then drew out a narrow pill box.

Contempt came back into Jenison's eyes. "What are you telling me for? Go tell some one who'd care"

"I don't know what you mean, Tom."

"Oh, yes, you do. You'd never take that stuff. You haven't the nerve. You're stalling for sympathy."

The politician turned to an ice-water stand and dropped two tablets into a glass of water. He said with tremulous bravado, "All right—here goes."

"You might as well drink it," answered the attorney. "God knows you're guilty. You'll pay for it sometime."

The glass went half way to Honest John's lips and then back to the stand. "I think—I'll wait."

"I thought so. You'll wait until you're behind bars, and then you'll wish you'd taken your medicine." Jenison spoke as if it had been his professional advice to his client to drink the potion. "It takes a man to quit when the game's up. I suppose in a way I'm as dishonest as you, but there's a chance for me to clean up, because I'm not afraid. If I thought the name helping you has given me would stick, I'd be glad to take your poison."

They heard a shuffling of feet in the court-room.

"There's an officer announcing that they've reached a verdict," said Jenison. He looked his client in the eyes and added, "I hope it's guilty!"

"Why—I don't—what's the matter? I'll pay you."

Jenison blazed. "Yes, you'll pay! It's all money to you! Do you think if I'd

known you for a coward I'd have made this fight? I hate myself now to think I ever took your money!"

His client looked at him in stupid silence.

"And let me tell you something else. You're the last thief I'll work for. I'm done with keeping your kind out of jail." Huge self-disgust overwhelmed him. "I'll never take another cent of crook's money as long as I live, so help me God!"

They heard the slow procession of the jury filing into the court to deliver the speedy verdict. Jenison felt his soul crawling with shame. A convulsive sigh made him turn. Honest John had raised the glass to his lips. His eyes bulged with fear, and he spilled half the liquid on his shirt. Before Jenison could reach him he had swallowed it. Horror held the attorney for an instant, then he burst through the doorway into the court-room.

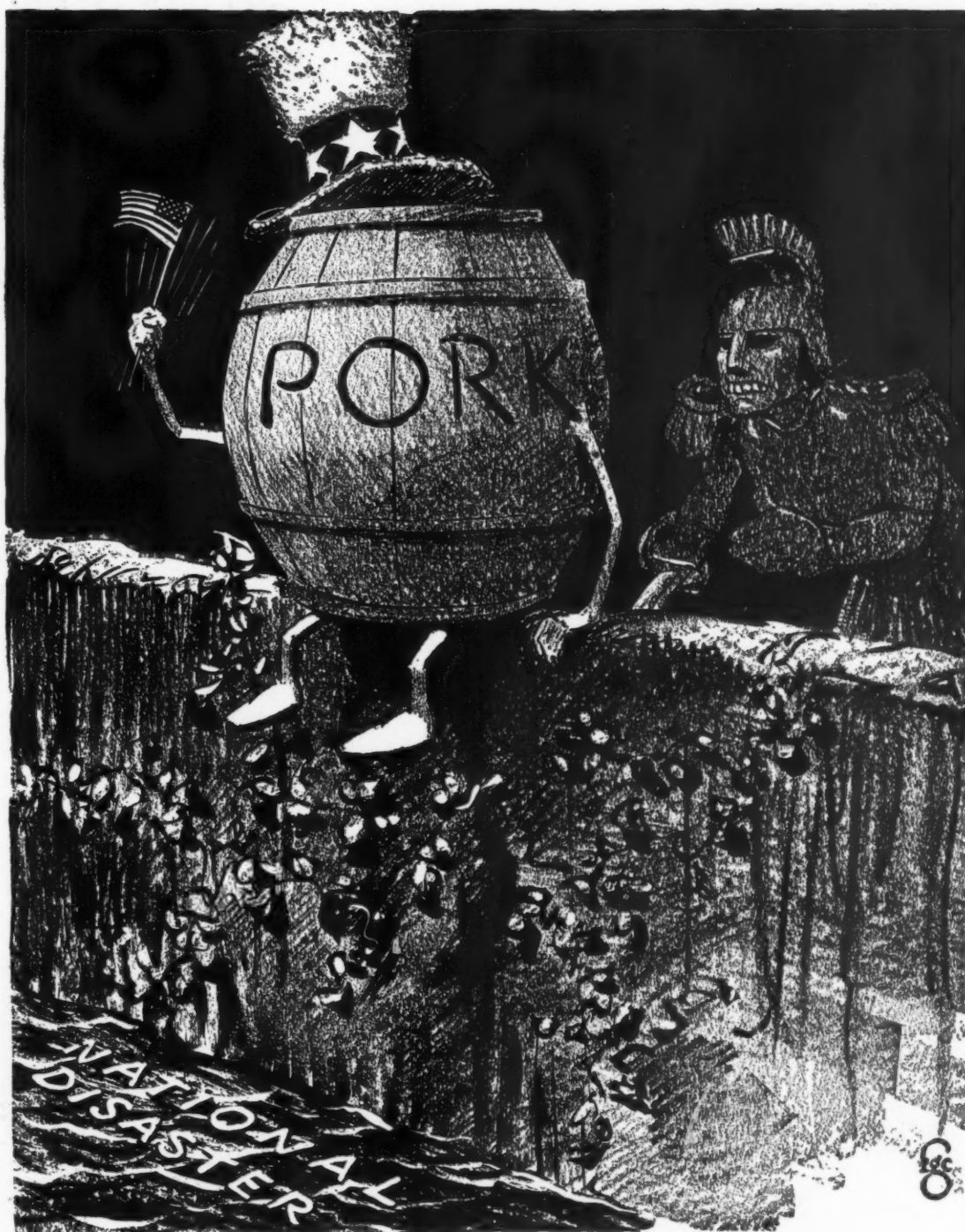
A lank man in the jury box smiled as he entered. That meant "Not guilty." Without noticing the attorney's ghastly excitement the judge said, "If the respondent will return the verdict will be delivered."

Jenison controlled himself and stood straight.

"If your honor please," he said, "if your honor please—" he could only point through the doorway at Honest John's body straddled in a chair—"the respondent has delivered his own verdict."



ADVICE



"HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL"



The Centaur: HI THERE, WAITER! BRING ME A SIRLOIN STEAK AND A PORTION OF HAY

The Petted Husband

THE petted husband and his wife were amiably discussing the advisability of a trip to Palm Beach, in order that the wife of the petted husband could get back some of the strength that, with her, wasn't so latent as the distinguished physician who called upon her some time during the petted husband's office hours thought it ought to be.

"The only trouble, darling," said the petted husband, "is this: that if you should want me to go with you I should have to leave my business just at the period when I am most needed to make our profits large enough for me to maintain you in the proud position to which you have been accustomed. On the other hand, should I remain behind, the first of the month will come without your being here, and the thought of opening all the bills for things you have ordered but forgotten to mention, without your moral support, is rather disconcerting."

"And I suppose," said the wife of the petted husband, "you have not considered that if I should go alone

there would be no one, absolutely no one, to see about my baggage, arrange about the sleeping compartments and hotel rooms and protect me from being insulted by total strangers. I should think, after our being married all these years, you ought to feel pretty good about my wanting you to go, anyway, and you would if you had a spark of human feeling in you."

Thereupon the petted husband interviewed the tourist agencies, saw the hotel representatives, made arrangements to stave off his creditors and close up his business for six weeks.

At Palm Beach the wife of the petted husband remarked to a friend:

"Yes, I brought my petted husband along. The poor man absolutely needed a change of scene."

Nantucket Still Motorless

The last seashore fastness of harness was Mt. Desert.

LIFE, Sept. 23, 1915.

NOT quite. Nantucket does not admit yet that it has admitted automobiles.

Send This to Your Local Congressman

DEAR SIR:

As you are doubtless aware, there will be a session of Congress in December. I want you to consider not going.

I was one of your constituents who voted for you. Some one, I thought, had to be elected, and inasmuch as your name was printed upon the ballot, I cast my vote for you, although I had never heard of you before beyond a head-line or so, and knew absolutely nothing about your qualifications.

This, however, is not what I mean just now.

But we have been running along all summer without any Congress, and we've been doing fairly well.

Why not, therefore, do your share? Refuse to go any more. If all the others will do likewise the effect upon the country will be incalculable.

I urge you to take this step at once. Don't go.

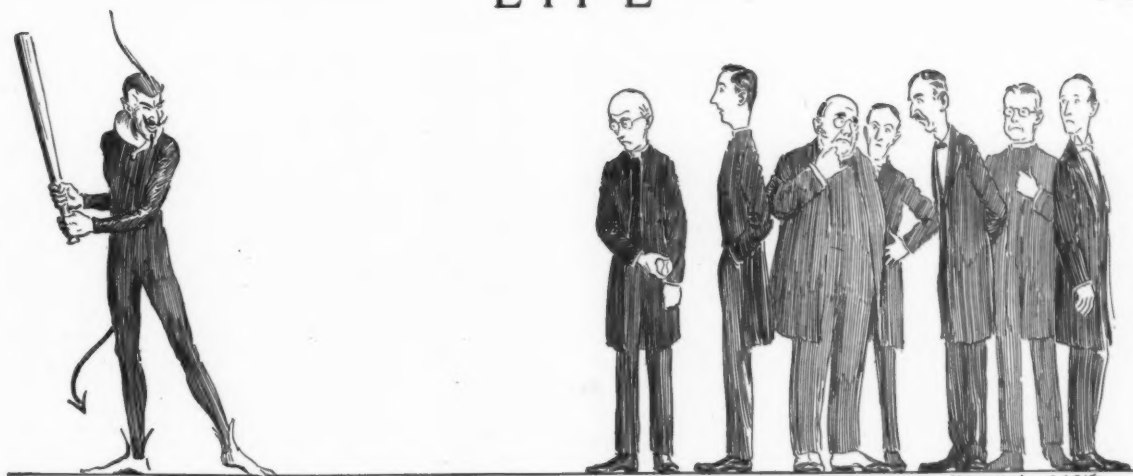
(Signed) ———

AN inquiring friend asks LIFE whether there is any likelihood of our adopting for a national anthem that stirring song, "We're raising all our sons to serve as German door-mats."



"WHAT'S THAT? WANT TO GO TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL? WHY, YOU'VE GOT AWAY FOR THAT FOUR TIMES ALREADY!"

"YES, SIR—YOU KNOW SHE HAS NINE LIVES."



A REVISION

"THERE'S THE DEVIL TO PLAY AND NO PITCHER WARMED UP"

When Europe Opens Again

ONE hears of a good many people this fall who are out of condition because they have not been able to get their usual vacation in Europe. There are semi-invalids by the thousand who needed the German baths, and tens of thousands of other people whose lives, more or less laborious, had been adjusted for years to a routine which included six weeks, more or less, in Europe every summer. They got much more than mere pleasure out of it; they got refreshment, recreation, inspiration, strength and ideas to go on with after their return.

These tens of thousands have been obliged this year to turn themselves out in the domestic pastures. Many of them have been out to the Fair, and the summer places have caught a bigger crowd than usual. But nothing but Europe meets the needs of persons who have the European

habit. They are spoiled for other summer pleasures; they miss the voyage; they pine for Picadilly and the Rue de Rivoli; they long to see again what they have seen before, and long still more to see what they had not seen. They are like children who have been turned out of their playhouse, and when the sign "Open to Visitors" goes up again in Europe and the surviving steamers run once more, and the surviving stewards man them, the migration will be like the outflow from a bursted dike, and whatever is left of accessible Europe will be all afloat with Americans and American money.

And that isn't all. They say our imported Europeans who earn wages here will be going home after the war by the hundred thousand to take the places of the dead.

It is going to be violently interesting to watch the readjustment of mankind after the prodigious shake-up of the Great War.



1. SMITH DRUNK OR



2. SMITH SOBER?

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

More Examinations Required

IT is not enough that a young man be carefully examined at the college-graduate age of twenty-two and sent forth in the world to be known forevermore as educated. We may all agree that a college education is the best thing that can happen to a man at the beginning of his maturity, but, after all, the only thing a college diploma can certify to is that a certain young man knew about what he ought to know at that time.

But a man of thirty should know a great deal more than a man of twenty-two. Therefore a man who was well educated at twenty-two may by neglecting his opportunities be relatively ignorant at thirty, still more ignorant at thirty-five, and so on. Ought there not, therefore, be some method of examination, say every five years, held either by the university or by the civil authorities, for the purpose of determining whether our education at the different age periods is of the proper standard of excellence? This seems particularly desirable in the learned professions. Lawyers, doctors, ministers and professors show a woeful tendency to go throughout their lives on the superstitions they acquired in their college days and never to think it worth while to learn anything new. What a great boon to the human race it would be if our doctors could be



Mercury: I HEARD YOU WERE KILLED TRYING TO CROSS FIFTH AVENUE IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLOCK.

Janus: OH, NO. THAT WAS ARGUS. THINK I'D TRY IT?



JOSH
BRADY
1915

VETERANS

examined periodically and their certificates withdrawn if they have not kept step with the advance in knowledge of human ills! *Ellis O. Jones.*

The Easiest Way

THE etiquette of foreign relations in these war times is getting too complicated.

Dr. Dumba felt, and seems to have said frankly, that if he was not to be

allowed to govern the Hungarians in this country he might as well go home. Sure!

And about submarines: If one of them gets frightened and sinks a liner it is holding up, what's to do?

And about trade: Can one believe that the English are holding up our trade with neutrals and doing a rushing business with them themselves?

But all these difficult situations could be straightened out by getting us in with the Allies.



TRAGIC MOMENTS

SLIMPKINS'S FIANCÉE RETURNS TO TOWN ABOUT SIXTY POUNDS HEAVIER



OCTOBER 21, 1915

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE *World*, which opposes the adoption of the amended constitution of New York, says that this was a bad year for a constitutional convention, because everybody's mind was taken up with the war, and the convention got no attention.

True enough, and by the same token it is a bad year to vote on woman suffrage, because the immense turmoil in the world makes people indifferent about such a detail as women's votes.

Nevertheless, the constitutional convention was held and sat all summer, and some of the best minds in the State fixed themselves on its problems. It is an ill reward for the labors of these citizens to say we can better consider these matters some other year. The question is, Have they improved the constitution? The Democratic organization and some of the labor organizations say no. The Republican organizations and plenty of individual Democrats say yes.

Judge Cullen was picked, apparently, to make a formal objection to the work of the convention that would give the Democratic organization a decent basis for rejecting it. The best he did was to proclaim that it had failed to give additional protection against military courts. Not that our citizens are suffering or have suffered by action of military courts, but the Judge thinks they might suffer as the law stands, and that an additional safeguard proposed for the constitution should have been accepted.

Probably Judge Cullen's objection is sound as far as it goes, but as a reason for rejecting the work of the convention it is a mere nightmare.

There are two excellent things in the revision, the short ballot and the budget system. Those improvements are worth having. So far as this paper is able to discover there is nothing in the revision that is bad enough to warrant a voter in throwing away these two admirable innovations.

The *World* says, Wait a couple of years till after the war, and then have another try and do better.

By no means wait. By no means throw away good work that can be accepted now. What is best in this revision makes for efficiency in State government. By no means delay to accept anything that makes for governmental efficiency. We need all we can get, not only in New York, but in every State, and we may need it worse than ever before two years are up or the war is finished.

Do it now!



AS for woman suffrage, we are to vote on it here in New York, and in New Jersey and Massachusetts and other States, the citizens of which have doubtless been notified. It is, as the *World* might say, an extraordinarily bad year to vote on suffrage or even to think about and discuss it; but after all, votes-for-women is something that, if it must come, one might prefer to have come when he was not looking.

Certainly the question has not been in the limelight this fall. It got on the front pages that President Wil-

son had concluded to vote for suffrage in New Jersey, explaining that he considered it a State concern and by no means to be lugged into national politics or submitted to Congress. That encouraged the suffragists a good deal. Nevertheless, we believe they do not expect to carry New Jersey or any other Eastern state this year. It is not much trouble to mark a ballot, and voters who are doubtful and wish to defer their decision will vote "No."

The more we see of suffragist men, the more we defer to the opinion that they are right in thinking their women ought to vote. For a man to vote for votes-for-women is a kind of abdication. He relinquishes what was his. He may do so either because he does not think himself worthy of the job or because he does not think the job worthy of him. It was in the paper the other day that the King of England assured Mr. Asquith that if England made an inconclusive peace he would abdicate and would not permit any child of his to take his place. That would be an example of abdication from a job that seemed unworthy.

Some of the votes-for-women men think themselves unworthy to be rulers; some of them are tired of the employment and perfectly willing for women, or any one else, to try their hands at it; some of them—a few—think the job has sunk so low it is unworthy of them, and they prefer to get out and wait for a new deal.

But a politician may become a suffragist because in his secret heart he thinks that women voters may see more in him than men do.

Votes-for-women, whenever it comes, is probably a step in the direction of government by experts. Men voters govern ill; women voters will do somewhat worse. When bankruptcy begins to threaten, or has happened, there will rise a howl for Competence, and when Competence has been discovered, it will be necessary to give him power. We won't go broke very long, no matter who votes.

Nevertheless, if we are dissatisfied with our government and disposed to physic it with novel remedies, we should take a look around at other governments. Not one of them is satisfactory. There is not a nation in sight that does better just now than



WILL PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

to worry along with a government that is hooted at by a large proportion of the governed.



IT was pleasant news that President Wilson had persuaded a charming and suitable lady to look with compassion on his lonely state. They are soon to be married, and it seems an excellent idea in which we should all rejoice.

For our President has a hard year ahead, as well as a couple of mighty hard years behind him. He has worked like a nailer, carried huge anxieties and responsibilities and has more coming, and anybody who can help to sustain his strength and vision and keep his spirits up is doing a service to us all.

For the truth is, our spirits are a little low also. Not all, but a great many Americans are troubled about their country. They are afraid it has not done and is not doing enough about the war. Sometimes their complaints are specific—as that our government did not make an outcry about Belgium—but oftener they are vague,

anxious, sorrowful. We seem to be losing the capacity for indignation. Terrible things happen, as the slaughter of the Armenians—and we never so much as whimper. It seems as if we had no punch any more. We see Europe going heroically to the dogs and undertakers, and here we sit on our detached continent and fatten on the prospect. It is as the *Tribune* says: "All that some of us love, hold worth living for and worth dying for is at stake, and our country, which has proclaimed its championship of these things most loudly, suffers their injury least resentfully." It does seem as if we had no ginger any more. Frank Crane boasts that "Uncle Sam is hopelessly bourgeois—fond of minding his own business—anxious to make money," and it almost seems so.

That is how we feel—how some of us feel—and it is a feeling running over with disgust. The disposition is pretty strong, though not universal, among people who feel so, to put all the blame on President Wilson. It is particularly strong among gentlemen who wish to elect some one else President next time. To our mind it is not at all a reasonable disposition. Neither has it popular backing enough as yet to worry the Wilson politicians.

But it is true that this plight we are in, of sitting by and seeing civiliza-

tion in a struggle for its life and we not helping enough, is terribly trying, and the prospect of our losing our capacity for moral indignation is simply awful. If Mr. Wilson, now that he is relieved from Mr. Bryan, and has got voluble Bro. Daniels busy with his job, and has a prospect of company when he is tired, could find occasion to let out a whoop at some conspicuous malefactor it would be a profound help to the feelings of many friends.

Is there no Armenia on the White House map? Our war stocks are all at the top notch; never such grain crops; steel orders are enormous; motor companies can't begin to meet demands; business is reviving—and yet these are times when 'tis man's perdition to be safe" and one wonders what the Yankee Plato would think of us.



THE leader of the Bull Moose party in Massachusetts was Charles Sumner Bird. Twice he was its candidate for governor, and made lively canvasses and polled many votes. The last time he ran he got more votes than the Republican candidate.

He has abdicated the Bull Moose leadership in Massachusetts and come out for McCall for governor.

In announcing his intentions he said:

When President Wilson was elected the United States was respected by most of the nations of the world. To-day we are distrusted and despised by practically all of the nations of the world. In our pursuit of wealth we have laughed at honor. We have fattened in the making of implements of war while American citizens, men, women and children, have been murdered in Mexico.

There is the real pith of Mr. Bird's switch to McCall, and there, possibly, is the issue of the next Presidential campaign. If the Republicans can demonstrate that our country has lost reputation under Democratic rule and that we have pursued wealth and forgotten honor, it will undoubtedly do so. And if it does, the Bull Moose party will come back to it on the run.

The Test

"SHOW the gentleman in."

It was a bright day in early autumn in one of our most prominent, personally-trust-conducted Western mineral States. In a small room off the Capitol a group of mine-owning magnates were holding a meeting. The chairman had spoken to the loyal attendant at the door, which had just opened, and there entered a dignified-looking man of middle age.

The chairman motioned him to be seated.

"You are an applicant for Supreme Court judge in this State?"

"I am."

"If we see that you are elected to this high office, will you be faithful to our best interests?"

"I will."

"What guarantee can you give of this?"

"I shall be in your power, gentlemen; or, rather, I shall be under the power and dominion of the one man who, richer than any other, also controls you. It therefore follows that I must do as you say or be ruined."

The chairman paused thoughtfully.

"But, my friend," he observed, "that is not enough. For some time, as you know, we have practically controlled this State. The Legislature cannot order out its militia in any emergency without getting the money from us, and to a very large extent we determine also what man can serve in the militia. Sometimes we are obliged, in the interest of our business, to shoot down strikers—even women and children. We don't like to do this, but there is, of course, a higher principle of law and order involved. Sometimes we have had to punish the ringleaders by due process of law, even when they were not present at the time the offense was committed. This is where you will come in later. But, my friend—and this is the main point of the whole matter—you must firmly believe that we are always right. We don't want you to become a judge in this State and do our bidding because you are forced to against your will. This kind of thing, I may say, is dead against the principles of the gentleman to whom you just referred, who



"WONDER WHERE THAT KID IS HIDIN'."

employs us, and who is a God-fearing, earnest, Christian man—if ever there was one. No! If you come with us you must sincerely believe that we are right."

The applicant looked up inquiringly.

"May I ask," he said, "just what you wish me to believe?"

"Certainly. You must firmly believe that we are running this State in its own best interests; that while we may control things, our superior talents, training and advantages enable us to do this better than any other body could possibly do it; that our workmen have no right to differ with us on any question of policy; that we have the right to say who may arrive and depart from our mining towns, and that even the President of the United States has no power to criticize or admonish us. You must not merely conform outwardly to all this, but you must honestly and sincerely believe it."

"Suppose I cannot do this?"

"Then you will not be able to make a living anywhere. We will shut you out."

The applicant bowed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I can't do it. I am ready to take the job and do

as you say, but I cannot throttle my convictions. I cannot honestly force myself to believe that you are right. No! A thousand times no! I need the money—but not at that price!"

The chairman smiled.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Consider the matter settled. You will be elected, take office and follow our instructions."

"But I thought you said that—"

"My dear friend, that was only the usual test to which, in conformity with our usual system, we subject all our applicants for the bench. If you had told us that you were ready to believe honestly and sincerely in our methods we wouldn't have given you the job, because we wouldn't have believed you. You would have become at once a suspicious character. Now we know you are reliable. Believe what you wish inwardly, but do as we say outwardly and keep mum. Be ready to report for secret instructions in six weeks. Good morning. Next!"

ALL people may be divided into three classes: (1) Those who are ruled by the love of power, (2) those who are ruled by the power of love and (3) a non-existent residuum.



HOW THE DUST LOOKS TO THE GERM CRANK

Food for the Credulous

ALL ye sufferers from hay fever draw nigh, listen to the latest patent cure and draw therefrom what consolation ye can.

Somebody having guessed that hay fever is caused by the pollen of certain plants, it is proposed to gather the pollen of twenty or so of the most suspicious plants and brew it into a serum in the approved manner of modern medical necromancy. This serum is then to be injected between the shoulders in fifteen doses at intervals of from three to five days, beginning about eight weeks before the so-called hay-fever season.

All this is to be found in an article in the *Medical Record*, by Dr. Henri Iskowitz. The object, of course, in addition to providing a profitable business for the doctors, is to make the victim immune from hay fever. The doctors' profits are sure, but you have to take chances on the immunity. If you want permanent immunity you must take treatments for several successive years. Then we are told that there is a difference in patients. Some carry their immunity over to the second season, others do not. Then, of course, some people do not carry it at all. But in every case of failure the trouble is to be found with the patient, never with the serum or the doctor.

The only sure way for a sufferer to get at the truth of this matter is to try it. If you try it and the hay fever

does not come, then, if you wish, you can give all the credit to the serum. But if you try it and the hay fever does come, then you can try it again and again, or else you can try some other absurd concoction that is offered on the authority of some Dr. Iskowitz or Mistywits or Puttywits or Halfwits or Nowits.

E. O. J.



Little Miss Tuffet
Sat in a buffet
Putting some cocktails away.
The rector soon spied her
And sat down to chide her—
And stayed there the rest of the day.

ARROWHEAD HOTEL
INDIAN SUMMER

BOAT HOUSE

ARROWHEAD CAFE

TRY OUR
EARLY
MANHATTAN
COCKTAIL

TRY
HEAR-BIG-COW
TOBACCO
PUTTERFULLY
PUNK!

GET YOUR
INDIAN CLUBS
AND SWASTICKAS
STICK-IN-THE-MUDS

THE
HEAP-BIG-FOOZLE
GOLF CLUB

THE ZIP

FINISH

SMOKE
BUCKSEDO
THE PRACHE
TOBACCO

KILL SONS
THAT'S ALL!
SEE THAT YOU GET IT
ABORIGINAL BOTTLE

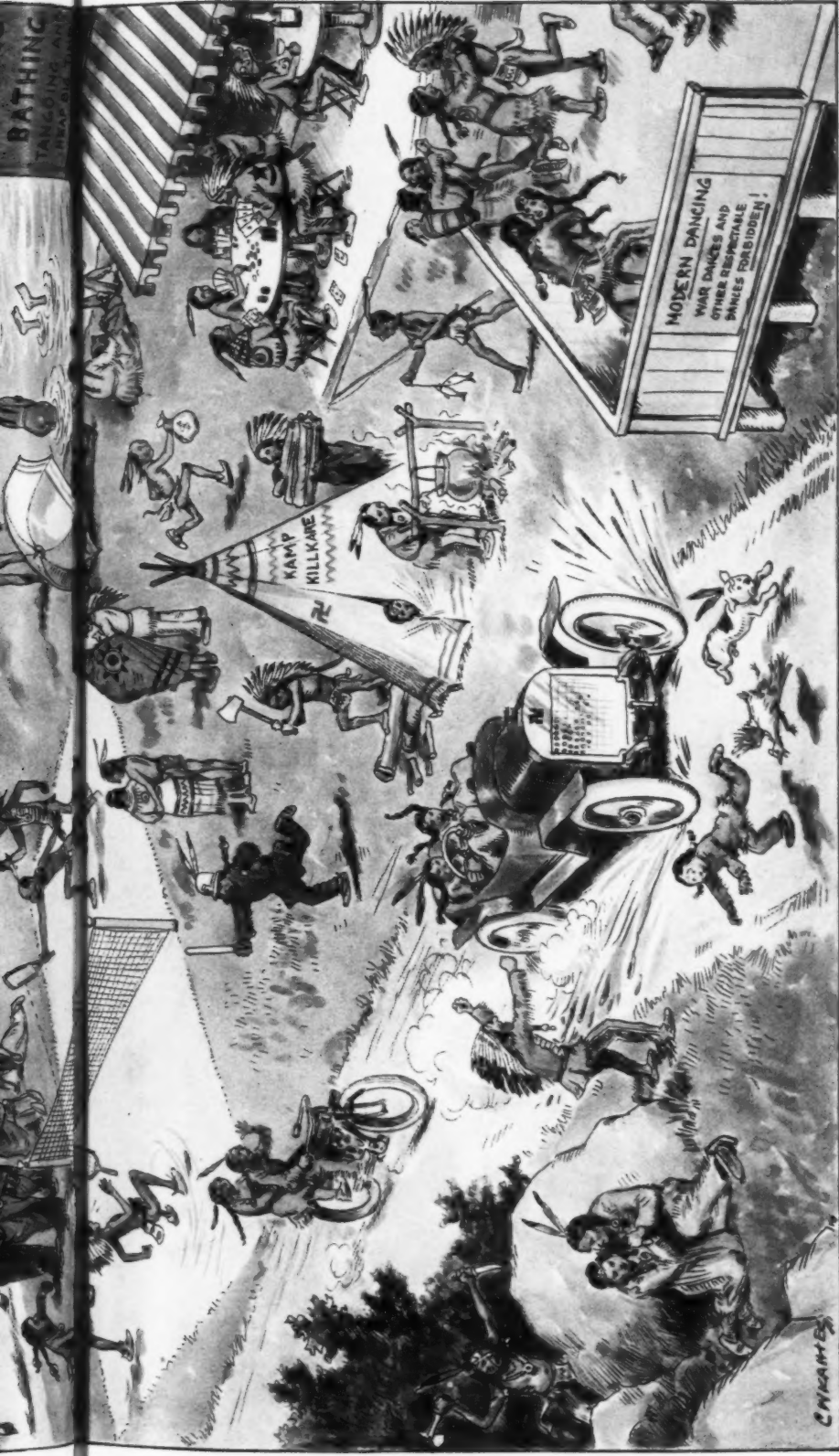
SMOKE
HUNNYHANA'S
EXTRA DRY
OLD SCALP-TAKER
EYE WHISKEY

DRINK
THREE
FEATHERS

POW WOW
PUNCH

CASINO
BATHING
TALKING
DRINKING

CASINO
BATHING
TANCOING



An Indian Summer



THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WORLD

THE LATEST BOOKS

"AFTER death—what?" is a question that we have learned to ask ourselves in some trepidation on the passing of a popular writer—of course from a non-theological and strictly posthumous-publication point of interrogation. For it is not for nothing that the expression "literary remains" has acquired a gruesome sound in our ears. Nor that, as between Hamlet's "The rest is silence" and an instalment-plan immortality of rejected manuscripts, we have learned to prefer the former. But a living message from a dead friend is another matter. And F. Hopkinson Smith's "Felix O'Day" (Scribner's, \$1.35) is just that. Hopkinson Smith was a pre-Darwinian optimist. He saw life, not a vast possibility of becoming, but as an immemorial fact to be made the best of. He faced it with invincible good humor and wrote of it with the cheerful, cheating habit of the solitary player who deals himself an occasional card from the bottom of the pack. And this genially idealized story of old Fourth Avenue is in his most winning vein.

THERE is something of poetic license—or of verbal local option—in calling the collection of poluphloisboisterous verse just published by G. K. Chesterton "Poems." The book (Lane, \$1.25) contains rhymed rhapsodies, scanable skits, joy-jingles, anapestic anathemas, dactylic dissertations—all sorts and conditions of versified Chestertonianisms, but very few poems. And while there are delectable sound sequences and other enjoyable things in the volume ("A Ballad of Suicides" is perhaps the out-and-outest of them), the composite effect of it is rather that of G. K. C. and Thomas Babington Macaulay going hilariously home at three in the morning and trying to put "Heretics" into the metre of "The Battle of Naseby."

HUGH WALPOLE—readers of LIFE will recall him as the author of "The Gods and Mr. Perrin" and of "Fortitude"—has just published a curiously delightful volume called "The Golden Scarecrow" (Doran, \$1.25), in which, by a whimsical device of construction borrowed from cinematographic methods, he has built a sequent, scintillant drama of childhood out of a series of separate studies. The first "scene" shows us an incident of the supposed author's youth. The next ten chapters deal with incidents in the lives of as many children, each as old as the chapter number, and all residents of the London Square where the author lives. And the curtain falls on the author revisiting the scene of his first inspiration. The mysterious, waning, "other-worldliness" of childhood has never been more deftly caught and materialized.

SPEAKING of cinematographic methods, a handbook of advice and instruction called "Photoplay Scenarios, How to Write and Sell Them," by Eustace Hale Ball (Heart's International Library, 60 cents) is among the new books and, considering the fact that over thirty thousand attempts to break into the movie game are said to be made annually, may be of interest to some who read this column. The work offers clear and excellent directions for the format of submitted



Chaplain: THE LORD COUNTS EVERY SPARROW THAT FALLS, MY MAN.

"WOT'S THE IDEA? THE SPARRERS IS SAFE IN THE 'EDGES AT 'OME."

scenarios. It also gives sound advice on what to avoid and what to aim at in trying to extract movie-drama from the life about us. And, incidentally, in the horrible examples of the two scenarios of his own which the author prints for purposes of illustration, the book goes far toward explaining the character of the things we suffer from on the screen.

NOT since Myra Kelly published "Little Citizens" has anything at once so fresh, so obviously authentic and so instantly appealing been offered us in the way of child-life genre studies as Margaret Prescott Montague's stories of the blind children in the Lomax School which have just appeared under the title of "Closed Doors" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.00). The book contains seven tales, each one of which is worth underlining, and the bunched effect of which is to open a window giving upon a phase of life wholly unfamiliar, almost unguessed at, yet immediately recognizable as akin to our own. The work is one of those rare cases where the supreme simpleness of sincerity has rivaled genius.

THIS is the psychological moment to read J. D. Beresford's straightforward estimate and analysis of "H. G. Wells" (Holt, 50 cents) done for the new "Writers of the Day" series. Wells has just published two books—"Boon, the Mind of the Race," a delicious potpourri of satire, criticism and fantasy, and "The Research Magnificent," the most notable novel of the year. And, since Wells's mind travels kangaroo fashion while criticism moves on all fours, a new critique of Wells is always acceptable by the time he has made a leap or two. Moreover, Beresford has resisted the temptation, succumbed to by most Wells commentators, to be brilliant, and has contented himself with being honest.

J. B. Kerfoot.



What Goeth on the Stage



THAT Mr. E. H. Sothern has abandoned Shakespeare to return to light comedy is a matter of congratulation not only for himself, but for his public as well. His appearances in Shakespearian rôles were earnest efforts and well intended, but they failed to stir the depths of one's emotions. In comedy, where he first gained fame, he holds a place entirely his own, a fact which he confirms again by his present impersonation of the hero of Mr. Sutro's rather slender comedy, "The Two Virtues." Our stage is deficient in men who can play gentlemen who are not made by the tailor and barber, so in this instance we shall have to reckon Shakespeare's loss as our gain.

The play gets its title from the author's assumption that with the gentler sex the possession of chastity diminishes or destroys the virtue of charity, particularly in judging the conduct of other ladies. This belief is wittily set forth in delightfully acted scenes between Mr. Sothern, as a susceptible bachelor, and Miss Haidee Wright, personifying the bachelor hero's snobbish and acidulated sister. The effect of the argument is that the hero promptly goes forth and marries the lady of doubtful reputation who has provoked it. One doesn't insist on strong conviction in a comedy so long as amusement is forthcoming. This is generously supplied by the lines and situations, so we do not have to side vigorously for or against the author in the proposition that gives him his title. Our sympathies naturally go to the doubtful lady who is made charming, even if wicked, by Miss Charlotte Walker. One is tempted to guess what would be our convictions from the argument if dramatic possibilities had allowed Miss Wright to play the siren and Miss Walker the uncharitable sister.

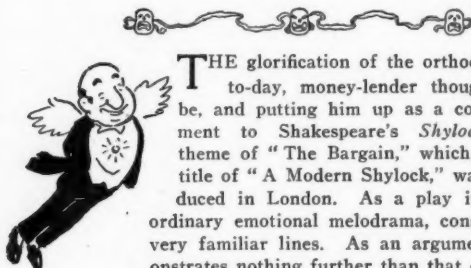


IT is allowable to wonder just where, between them, Mr. Anspacher, the author who created her, and Miss Emily Stevens, the artist, who visualized her, ever dug up such a character as the heroine of "The Unchastened Woman." The same wonderment may also apply to most of the other characters in the play. It purports to depict persons of our own time and place and do it seriously. If the piece were farce or comedy, and the characters needed distortion for humorous purposes, the drawing might be understandable, but never, outside of a German toy shop, were humans carved less in semblance to humanity. If the author was holding the mirror up to nature it must have been a very concave or a very convex mirror indeed.



THE title, which seems ill-chosen as applied to Miss Stevens's portrayal, suggests large possibilities in incident, motives or character study, not any of which are realized; instead, we have an excellent cast of competent artists

and a good production wasted on material that is notable only in the cleverness and completeness of its artificiality.



and Baptists. As between this *Simon Lusskin* and the original *Shylock* there is not much to choose, so it is hard to see just what there is doing in the way of exoneration.

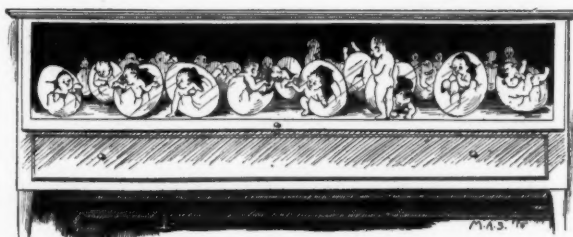
The play was evidently meant to provide a strong part in the character of the stern but just Jewish father. Mr. Louis Calvert made him a good character study, but entirely missed many of the acting possibilities to make the rôle moving and convincing. Dorothy Donnelly, as his much younger and stage-struck wife, and Josephine Victor, as his erring daughter, for whom he compromises with his Jewish conscience when he finds that the rich young Gentile has really married her, both gave excellent renderings of far from attractive parts.

"The Bargain" is more interesting in what it promises

Scrambled Dramas



"YOUNG AMERICA" AND "THE GIRL WHO SMILES" ON "THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS"



"THE NEW YORK IDEA" OF "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

than in what it fulfills. Neither as drama nor as corrective of Shakespeare does it get very far.



THE Washington Square Players opened their second season at the Bandbox with a bill of four new plays. One of them is Mr. Percy Mackaye's "The Antick," a formless and only moderately interesting poetical bit. Of the others, one is a sombre and tragic episode in Italian low life, and another a really humorous trifle burlesquing the elopement of Paris with Helen of Troy. This last is conceived on even broader lines than Halévy's libretto of "La Belle Hélène," and is quite as funny. It gives us the novel twist of seeing Menelaus being rather glad to find some one who would take the fair but frivolous Helen off his hands and give him a chance to rest.

As a whole, this first bill is not up to last season's level, but one or two changes could easily give the needed improvement. *Metcalfe.*



Astor.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Diverting farcical comedy based somewhat on the revival methods of Billy Sunday.

Bandbox.—The Washington Square Players. See above.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Well-staged and well-acted light comedy, showing some of the humors of the business of practicing medicine.

Booth.—Mr. E. H. Sothern in "The Two Virtues," by Alfred Sutro. See above.

Candler.—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. Interesting drama well performed and showing that in some cases the New York police do not forget criminals even after the lapse of years.

Casino.—"The Blue Paradise." Viennese comic operetta more tuneful than usual and with a libretto developing a real comic-opera plot.

Century.—Mr. Ned Wayburn's "Town Topics." The big stage of what was the New Theatre given over to fun, rag-time and a multitudinous collection of pleasing young chorus persons.

Comedy.—"The Bargain," by Herman Scheffauer. See above.

Cort.—"The Princess Pat," by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Pleasant comic operetta with the scenes laid in America and agreeably presented.

Eltinge.—Closed.

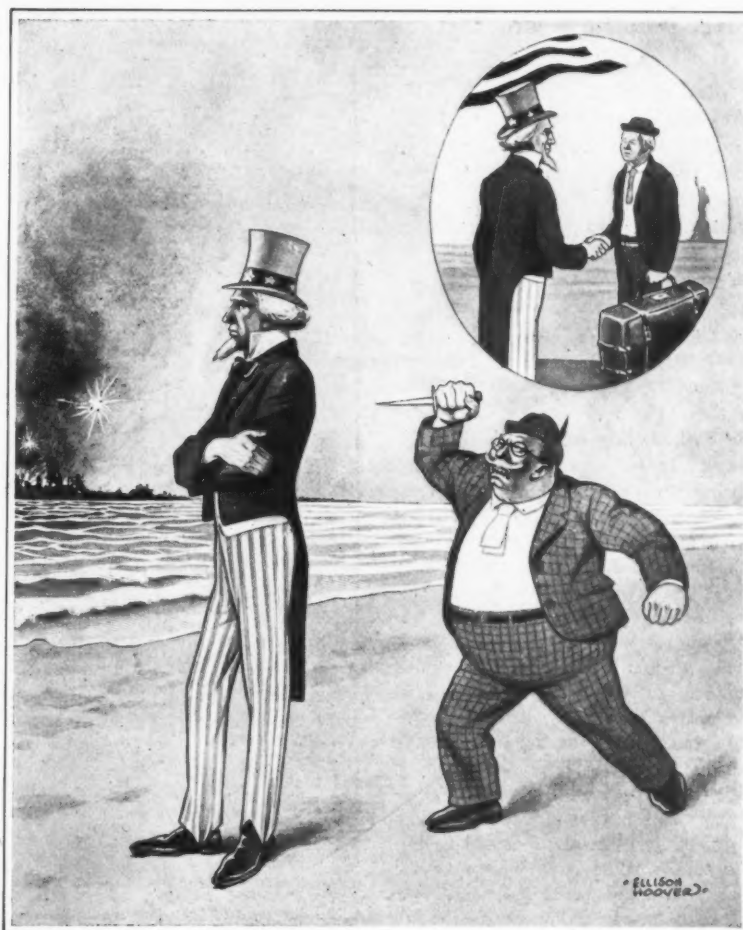
Empire.—Mr. William Gillette in revival of his former successes.

Forty-eighth Street.—Mr. George Fawcett in "What Money Can't Buy," by Mr. George Broadhurst. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—Closed.

Fulton.—"Some Baby." Farce, amusing but going outside the limits of strict refinement to get some of its laughs.

Gaiety.—"Young America." Sketchy but amusing little comedy with a boy and his dog as the most important characters.



GRATITUDE

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Messrs. Montgomery and Stone as the main fun-makers in a diverting extravaganza elaborately staged.

Harris.—"Rolling Stones." Farcical comedy with business as its theme and showing that for young men starting wrong the dividing line between vagrancy and success is not such a wide one.

Hudson.—"Under Fire." War scenes in trench and hospital as the distinguishing features of a well-acted and well-staged drama of the day.

Knickerbocker.—Varied bill of picture plays with well-known actors in star parts.

Liberty.—"The Birth of a Nation." The moving picture in its legitimate sphere of producing big out-of-door effects, in this case illustrating events of the close of the Civil War and the reconstruction period.

Little.—Closed.

Longacre.—"The Girl Who Smiles." Tuneful and amusing comic operetta with its most pleasing airs reminiscent of other pieces of the same kind.

Lyceum.—Ethel Barrymore in a dramatization of some of the Edna Ferber episodes in the life of a business woman under the title "Our Miss McChesney."

Lyric.—"Two Is Company." Really amusing comic operetta well acted and well sung by company headed by Georgia Caine and Claude Flemming.

Manhattan Opera House.—German war pictures.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Quinnys," by Frederick Harrison. Notice later.

Playhouse.—Grace George in Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea." Revival of witty comedy with an excellent company and the star at advantage in thoroughly congenial rôle.

Princess.—Closed.

Punch and Judy.—Closed.

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead. Another dramatic attack on the double standard for the sexes, but interesting and very well acted.

Shubert.—"Alone at Last." Notice later.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Unchastened Woman," by Mr. Louis Anspacher. See above.

Vitagraph.—"The Battle Cry of Peace." A moving-picture argument intended to show the possible disastrous consequences of America's neglect to prepare against attack by a foreign enemy. Has some moving episodes.

Winter Garden.—"The World of Pleasure." Notice later.

Closing the Contest

LIFE'S Shortest Short Story Contest closed in accordance with the often-printed rules at noon on October 4th. At that hour 29,025 contributions had reached LIFE office. This makes a total of considerably over 30,000 stories, as many contributors sent more than one story.

Again we were confronted with the psychological mystery that attends all these contests. In the morning mails of October 4th something like two thousand stories were received. Some of the authors even went to the expense of sending their stories by telegraph. In spite of the fact that the closing time of the contest has been emphasized in every issue of LIFE for the past three months these two thousand and more contestants seemed to think there was some virtue in getting their contributions in at the latest possible moment.

Hundreds of would-be contestants, as in previous contests, disqualified themselves by sending their contributions too late to reach us before the closing hour. Of course, these stories, which at present writing are still coming in, will receive no consideration. To consider them at all would be unfair to the contestants who complied with the frequently printed rules.

It will be some time before it will be possible to announce the names of the judges who will select the prize-winning stories. These judges, it will be remembered, are to be chosen as the authors of the best twelve stories selected by the editors of LIFE as suitable to be printed.

Just how the stories are selected from the vast mass of more than twenty-nine thousand manuscripts may interest not only the contestants, but all the readers of this journal. As the stories are received they are sent in allotments of about three hundred each to the members of a corps of specially selected and specially qualified readers. Each reader returns his allotment, separating the stories that in his judgment have any claim whatever to consideration, attaching to each of these selections a brief comment on the story. Those that are



Spiking the Old Cannon (such as it is!)

rejected are sent out again to another reader who follows the same process. This makes sure that every story submitted in the contest has two readings and eliminates the possibility that any story could be rejected through any personal bias. Every reader knows that his work will be checked by another reader, which insures careful consideration by two minds of every story submitted. This first reading means a total expenditure of about eight thousand dollars, which is a fair assurance that LIFE intends that every contestant shall have fair play.

The stories thus selected are then carefully read by LIFE's editors. The

less meritorious are carefully winnowed out and those remaining after this process are thoroughly discussed and the best of these selected to be printed. To the authors of the best twelve of these all the stories printed will be submitted for final judgment. From these printed stories the twelve judges will by vote select the best three in the order of their merit, and to these three will be awarded the first, second and third prizes of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250. It should be remembered that the stories deemed worthy of print are paid for at the rate of ten cents a word for each word that the

(Continued on page 770)

THIS
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After a painting by G. P. A. Healy in the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Art and Sciences

Char Goodyear

An Accounting to the American People

THIS MONTH marks the fiscal close of the most phenomenal year The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company has ever known.

Goodyear tire sales were far, far greater than in any previous year.

They were far greater than the sales of any other tire in the world. Other Goodyear products registered an equally enormous gain.

It seems to us a fitting time to render an accounting to the American people, to whom we are indebted for this unprecedented prosperity.

And it also seems to us a propitious time to acknowledge another debt to one of the world's great industrial geniuses, who spent almost his last days in a debtor's prison.

What this business is, in its first and last essence, it owes to Charles Goodyear.

It was not founded by the man whose honored name it bears.

But it has brought to that name, at last, the world-wide eminence which was denied him during his life.

His indomitable spirit has been a never-failing source of inspiration—in every branch of its thousandfold activities "his soul goes marching on."

Charles Goodyear was a man with a fixed idea—pre-destined, almost by reason of that fact, to disappointment, disaster and seeming disgrace.

His fixed idea was the vulcanization of rubber—and on this bed-rock idea there rests today that mighty industrial structure, the rubber business of the world.

In the remotest corners of the globe, wherever civilization pierces its way into the wilderness; in the jungles, and on the plantations, where millions of black men toil to satisfy the world's supply—*Goodyear means rubber and rubber means Goodyear.*

By right of inheritance, by right of adoption, by right of devotion to his high ideals, not merely the tire supremacy of the world, but the rubber supremacy of the world belongs to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

And so this business which perpetuates his name is also animated by a fixed idea.

And that fixed idea is that The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company is bound to win this world-wide rubber supremacy if it simply upholds and maintains the goodness of Goodyear.

We believe firmly in the ultimate triumph of manufactured goodness.

We believe that the American people are everlastingly on the alert to find that which is worthy.

We believe they have awarded first place to Goodyear because they believe in Goodyear.

We are convinced that no one can take that place away from us as long as we are true to them, and true to ourselves.

And because we prize this good will as the most precious asset of this business, nothing unworthy shall go out into the world under the brand of Goodyear.

The spirit of Charles Goodyear stands guard over every operation and every department in these great factories.

It says to every man on the Goodyear payroll, from the highest to the lowest: "Protect my good name."

Wherever, and whenever, man, woman, or child, thinks of aught that is made of rubber—we want their second thought to be of Goodyear.

And to that end, we repeat—nothing unworthy shall ever go out of these great factories under the brand of Goodyear.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

AKRON, OHIO

F. A. Seiberling, President



Leading Goodyear Akron Products

Fabric and Cord Automobile Tires
Laminated Tubes for Automobile

Tires
Automobile Tire Accessories
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Automobile Rims
Pneumatic Tires for Trucks
Solid Motor Truck Tires
Tires for Fire Apparatus
Carriage Tires

Motorcycle and Cycle Car Tires
Motorcycle Tubes
Bicycle Tires and Tubes
Aeroplane Tires, Springs and Fabric
Military and Other Balloons

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Radiator Hose
Kantink Garage Hose
Steam Hose
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Hose
Goodyearite Packing
Conveyor Belts
Transmission Belts
Rubber Bands
Molded Goods
Offset Blankets
Rubber Specialties

GOODYEAR TIRES



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Used to It

The man had been haled before the magistrate on some trivial charge.

"Let me see," said the judge. "I know you. Are not you the man who was married in a cage of man-eating lions?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the culprit. "I'm the man."

"Exciting, wasn't it?" continued the justice.

"Well," said the man judicially, "it was then; it wouldn't be now."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

French Politeness

As a truly polite nation the French undoubtedly lead the world, thinks a contributor to a British weekly. The other day a Paris dentist's servant opened the door to a woebegone patient.

"And who, monsieur," he queried in a tender tone, "shall I have the misery of announcing?" —*Youth's Companion*.



"ARCHIE, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR HAND?"

"MERELY A STONE-BRUISE, MY DEAR, FROM HOLDING HANDS WITH YOU LAST NIGHT."

Decorative

The head of a big London business concern is exceptionally tall, and his height is further accentuated by his exceeding slimness. The other day a visitor from the country called to see him, and was duly asked to sit down.

After they had concluded their business the visitor rose to go, and his host rose also, and seemed to rise and rise. The visitor, letting his glance travel upward, as though inspecting a new species of skyscraper, and with an expression of awed admiration, ejaculated:

"Great Scott, old man, your parents must have trained you on a trellis!"

—*Tit-Bits*.

Which Would Be the Goat

"It is true," severely said the lady of the high ideals to the successful writer, "that you have gained much prosperity by your writings, but you have written nothing that will live."

"Perhaps not," returned the author; "but when it comes to a question of which shall live, myself or my writings, I never hesitate to sacrifice my writings."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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The foreman, who had not agreed very well with the man in question, exclaimed angrily:

"Progressing! There's been a lot of progress. I have taught him everything I know and he is still an ignorant fool."

—Chicago Herald.

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—Philadelphia Record.

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"Tipperary" in Chinese

The Chinese have put "Tipperary" into their own language, and native newspapers print the chorus as follows:

Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lieh-li,
 Pi yao ti jih hsing tsou.
 Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lieh-li,
 Yao chien wo ngai tzu nu,
 Tsai hui Pi-ko-ti-li,
 Tsai chien Lei-ssu Kwei-rh,
 Shih ko yuan lu tao Ti-po-lieh-li,
 Tan wo hsin tsai na-rh.

This is the literal translation:

This road is far from Ti-po-lieh-li,
 We must walk for many days,
 This road is far from Ti-po-lieh-li,
 I want to see my lovely girl,
 To meet again Pi-ko-ti-li,
 To see again Lei-ssu Kwei-rh,
 This road is far from Ti-po-lieh-li,
 But my heart is already in that place.

—New York Times.

GOLDSMITH: Would you like any name or motto engraved on it, sir?

CUSTOMER (who had chosen an engagement ring): Ye-yes-um, "Augustus to Irene." And—ah—look here, don't—ah—cut Irene very deep.

—Punch.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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PRESS WRITER: I am going to tell all important facts and put the blame where it belongs.

PATRIOTIC BELLIGERENT: There; I knew all the time that you were bitterly prejudiced against us!

—Longville Leader.



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Only Daniel Green's are Comfy.

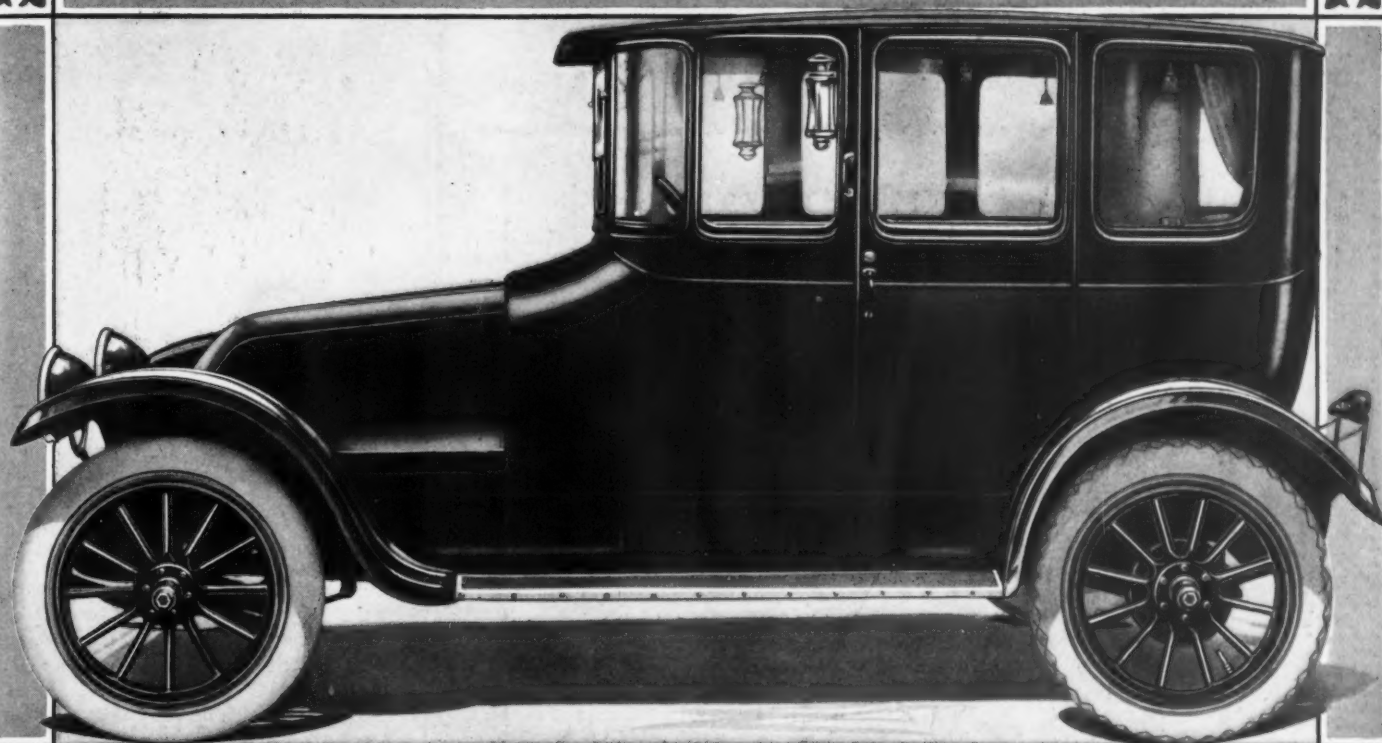
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The Franklin Sedan

The All-Year-Round Car

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Next we heard a great deal about the Town Car—a ponderous enclosed vehicle to be run gingerly on city streets, blanketed like a horse and kept in a warm stable.

Also, their one idea of summer motoring was the Touring Car open to wind and sun and dust.

Now, the Franklin Sedan is actually cooler in summer than a Touring Car. It can be so ventilated as to afford a continuous free circulation of fresh air—while protecting the occupant from the sun and the dust.

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Perfect independence of temperature conditions and freedom from cracked water jackets and all freezing troubles.

More people every day are beginning to look for solid comfort in an all-the-year-round car. A car that can be run anywhere, any time, on city pavements or country roads—regardless of distance, weather, or the condition of the roads.

The Franklin Sedan is built to withstand American roads as no other car. It weighs only 2970 pounds—just 295 pounds more than the Touring Car.

Here, in the Franklin Scientific Light Weight (keeping the chassis free from an overload) is the reason for the solid comfort of the Franklin Sedan on rough roads—its economy in gasoline, in oil, in tires—its low depreciation.

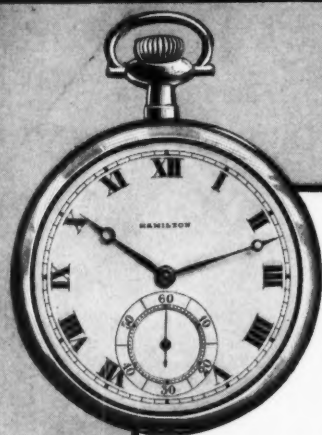
Every motorist—and especially the man who does not quite trust enclosed cars in general—should certainly call on the Franklin dealer and ride in the Franklin Sedan over the roughest roads he can find.

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Run on Hamilton Watch Time*

Twenty-five Years Hence

"HAVE you a light, Clarinda?"

"John, do you promise to love, honor and obey this woman?"

"Children, here are five dollars—go out and buy yourselves a stick of candy."

"On to Ottawa!"

"The soup is all cold, Ethelwynda. I don't see why you should have stayed for the extra innings."

"Eloise, I am thoroughly satisfied

with your genealogical chart, your blood-analysis and your phrenological certificate. I should like now for you to examine into my own heredity with a view to considering an offer of marriage."

"I solicit your vote, madam. I am a candidate for railroad engineer, subject to the action of the Democratic party."

"Come, Willie, we are going to the Zoo to see the horses."

"'Rah for Teddy!"

"Faster!"



OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY
THE DRY-GOODS ECONOMIST

Mystery

"CLOSED on account of the death of the proprietor."

This notice on the door of one of the largest department stores of the city arrested the throng of employees who presented themselves for their day's work. One by one they turned away, most of them secretly glad to get a holiday.

"What was his name and who was he?" asked one of the salesgirls of another. She shook her head. They inquired in vain. Nobody knew.

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An established standard of merit in gloves (or anything else) requires vigilance unceasing.

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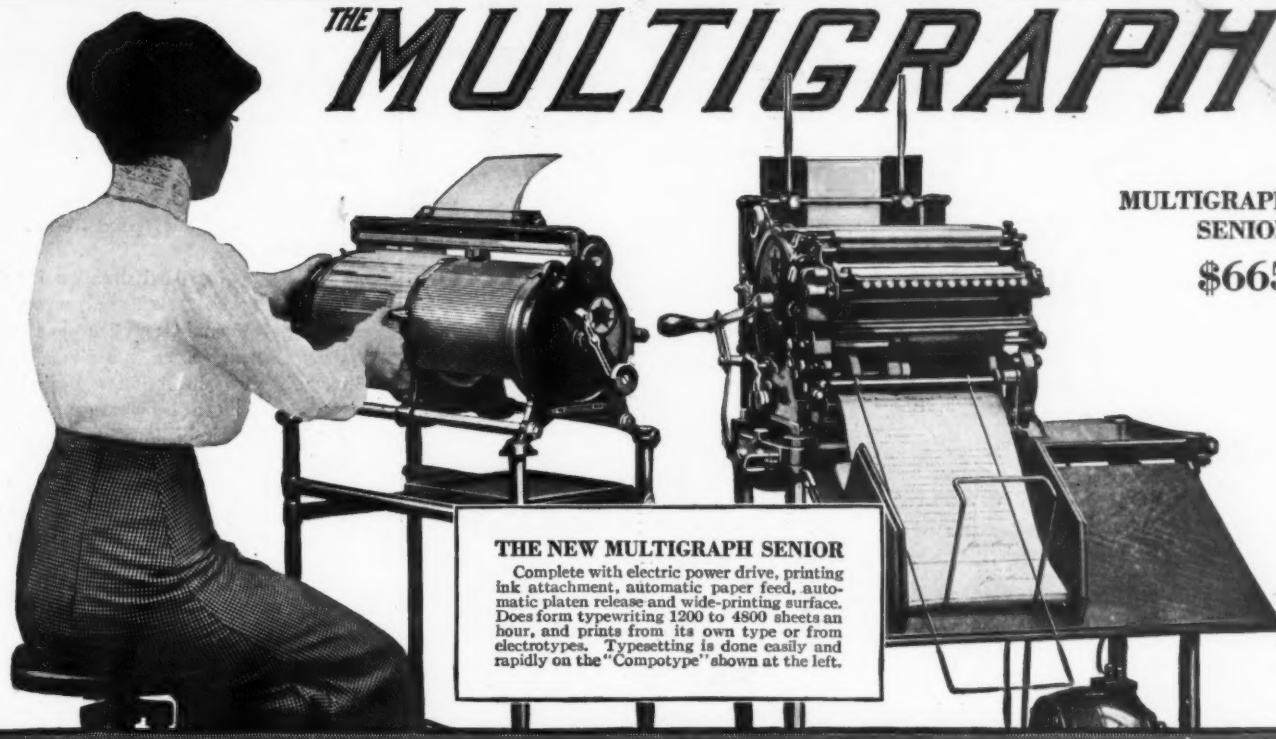
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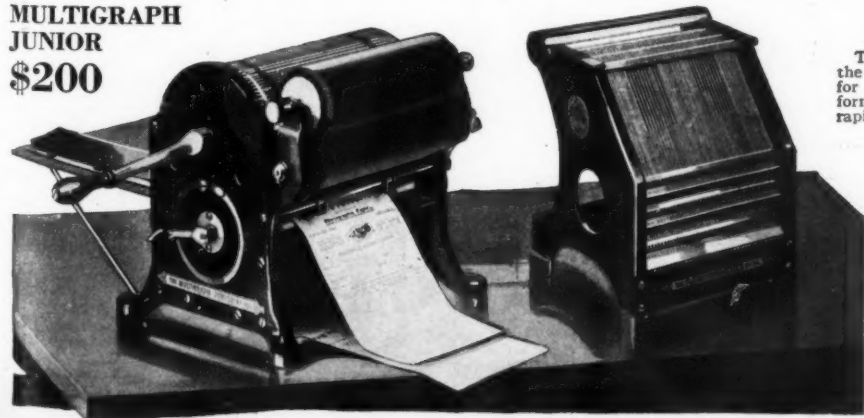
It turns out clean cut, beautifully typewritten form letters that bring in new business. It prints, in real printers' ink, office and factory forms and high-class direct-mail matter at 25% to 75% of what they used to cost. It takes up only a corner in the office. It is always ready for a new job, is easily operated by

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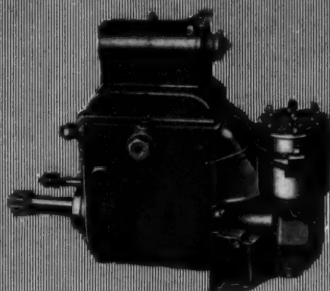
Throughout the entire period of electrical development it has led the way.

Today Delco factories are turning out upwards of 10,000 complete equipments a month.

The Delco System of cranking, lighting and ignition has become an integral part of many of the foremost motor cars of this country.

When buying an automobile it is a good thing to inquire first of all whether or not it is Delco Equipped.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio



DELCO
MOTOR GENERATOR
SIMPLE, COMPACT,
EFFICIENT

260,000 AUTOMOBILE
OWNERS ARE NOW
DRIVING DELCO
EQUIPPED CARS.

How Are His Spirits?

Berlin (via London), Sept. 29.—General Alexander H. R. von Kluck is now fully restored to health and is living in his Berlin home.

—News Item.

BUT how are his spirits? Are they, too, restored? He personified the great German disappointment. He is the Pickett of German aspirations. When he turned away from Paris after that wonderful march the edge of advancing eclipse became visible on the rim of Germany. He tasted the fruits of victory—ate grossly of them—only to throw them nearly all up and scurry, anguished and bleeding, back to the Marne. It was a dreadful come-down from that triumphant march to a gasping race back again to save his skin.

Kicking Against the Bricks

WILLIAM HEARST'S new spike-helmet looks fairly well on him, but why should he have enlisted with the Kaiser?

No doubt it was a case, if anything, to beat Wilson, but William will never beat him that way.

It is a mighty hard situation for the gentlemen whose duties or perversities have put them in the line-up against the President. Even Mr. Simonds, accomplished as he is, finds discrediting the President a boomerang job. As for Mr. Hearst, his long big-type pieces against the credit to our Ally customers are pathetic in their fatuity. As a fire-eater yelling for war at any price he would at least seem Hearst-like, but as a pacifist, in with Bryan, Jeremiah O'Leary and the Ridders, he looks as ridiculous as he must feel.

Habit

"ISN'T it too bad?" asks the lady with the Russian boots. "Mrs. Gonso has sued her husband for divorce and is going to marry that musician as soon as it is granted. And she and Mr. Gonso were married last Christmas day."

"I expected it," says the lady with the new hair. "Lucy Gonso never got a present that she didn't try to exchange."



DIARY February 22, 1820

A large coaching party came up from town today and stopped at the Inn for an excellent meal and the ever-popular

Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 100 years"

Nowadays, in this age of motoring, Old Overholt is still the popular choice. Men appreciate its uniform purity, quality and flavor. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Plain Grog or a Mixture? A Question for Miss Addams

DEAR Miss Addams: Here is a short extract from one of many pieces in William Hearst's papers about the sin of selling shells and things to the Allies and making it harder for the Germans to wallop them:

Citizens, we owe it to God, to mankind and to ourselves to try, at least, to stop this war.

And, citizens, we are false to our duty to God, to mankind and to ourselves if, instead of trying to stop this war, we most wickedly provide the means of prolonging it.

Every dollar of the profits earned by supplying the weapons and the money to prolong this war is a wicked dollar, an accursed dollar, stained, in the sight of God and in the eyes of all right-thinking men and women, with the blood and tears of suffering humanity.

Americans, we cannot afford to have our country enriched with such money as that.

It is the price of innocent blood, the wages of humanity's betrayal, abhorrent to every sentiment of manly and good American hearts.

Better were it for our peace, our honor and our welfare, now and in time to come, that we sank the gold ten times over in the depths of the sea, rather than so to sell Europe's peoples to suffering and despair and death for wicked blood money.

There, Miss Addams; have you read it? William has printed cords of such outcries lately on his editorial pages.

Now, Ma'am, as an expert in military stimulants will you say whether in your opinion, when these attacks are ordered, William's editorial writers are worked up to the requisite frenzy on plain grog or on a mixture of whiskey, vodka, absinthe and ether?



"YOU SAY YOU WERE SWINDLED BY MAIL? HOW WAS THAT?"

"I BOUGHT A MOVING-PICTURE THEATRE WHICH WAS GUARANTEED TO BE LOCATED IN A POPULATION OF 6,000, BUT THEY WERE ALL MOLES."



WHAT'S happiness? Havin' jest a little less than we want, an' the health to hustle f'r that "little less."

Now VELVET has mo' smokers by twice as many, as it had a year ago, but thar's some left that ought to try it. Maybe you're one of 'em. I won't be happy till I get you.

Velvet Joe

"Happy" Tobacco Grounds—There are some mighty fine things coming out of old Kentucky—poet, historian, novelist have found in its soil rare inspiration. But no greater inspiration draws richness from its soil and springs than Burley tobacco. Of the best of this is VELVET—the tenderest, finest leaf.

A "Happy" Method—In such materials there is inspiration for care and kindly treatment. This VELVET gets from us at great expense in time and labor.

The "Ageing" Idea—For two years VELVET matures and mellows in great wooden hogsheads, taking on a friendliness which Velvet Joe so well expresses in his homely philosophy.

Do you know VELVET? It is the last word in pipe comfort. You will be happy if you get it.

Put Happiness in your pipe bowl now.

Panama-Pacific Exposition's highest award—The Grand Prix—has been awarded to VELVET "for its superior quality."

10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE ANGELUS PLAYER PIANO



"The Angelus Player Piano offers the possibility of producing any desired shading in expression, dynamics, and color of tone."

FRITZ KREISLER.



"There are so many wonders in the Angelus that one can only speak of the ensemble effect—it is perfect. The Phrasing Lever is marvelous, almost beyond belief, in its control of the tempo; the Melodant brings out the melody exquisitely; while the touch and tone coloring are the height of artistry. *It is incomparable.*"

ANNA PAVLOWA.

"My strongest impression of the Angelus is its perfect reflection of the personality of the performer. Through the Phrasing Lever, almost without conscious effort, you impart to the playing your own tempo nuances, while the Melodant automatically brings out the melody. I find the utmost freedom in giving to it just the degree of emphasis that I desire. It seems incredible that so much in the way of music as an art can be accomplished with so little effort."

EMMA TRENTINI.

THE endorsement of the ANGELUS by three artists of world-wide distinction—Vocalist, Violinist, Premier Danseuse—each one demanding from the instrument the highest artistic qualities of widely divergent character, and all finding them in the ANGELUS in the superlative degree, is conclusive proof of the supremacy of the ANGELUS as the world's artistic player.

KNABE-ANGELUS—Grands and Uprights.
EMERSON-ANGELUS—Grands and Uprights.
LINDEMAN & SONS-ANGELUS—Uprights.

CHICKERING-ANGELUS—Grands and Uprights.
ANGELUS PIANO—An upright made expressly for the Angelus.
In Canada—The GOURLAY-ANGELUS and ANGELUS PIANO.

Any of these instruments can be played by hand in the usual manner.

The WILCOX & WHITE CO.

Business established 1877.

Agencies all over the world.

MERIDEN, CONN.

233 Regent St., London.

Telegraph our expense for address of nearest representative.

Closing the Contest

(Continued from page 760)

story falls short of a total of fifteen hundred words. Out of the eligible stories now on their way to final selection there are doubtless many worthy of publication, which will appear in the columns of LIFE as fast as they are finally passed upon. Before these have all appeared in LIFE it will be possible to select the twelve judges, whose names will be announced and to whom

proofs of the chosen stories will be sent as soon as they have been selected. As soon as possible after that the names of the winners of the prizes will be announced and their stories reprinted.

LIFE begs the indulgence of the contestants and of its readers for the inevitable delay attaching to the process of selection. In such a task, unexpected in its magnitude, it takes time to be just, but from issue to issue those interested will be kept informed.

The Ants and the Grasshopper

A GRASSHOPPER had sung and turkey-trotted merrily all summer long, and so when winter came he found himself without sustenance, shelter or sartorial habiliment. In the same neighborhood lived a family of Ants that had the name of being close-fisted. Yet the Grasshopper's misery became so great that he finally besought their aid.

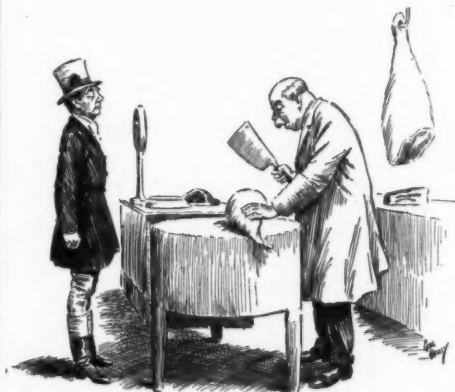
"If you will be so kind as to help me," said the humble Grasshopper, "I am sure God will bless you and I will do what I can to repay."

"Why, yes, certainly," said the Ants. "Delighted to see you. Come right in. Let us take your hat. Sit down and make yourself at home. Glad of the opportunity to help a fellow-creature."

"How's this?" exclaimed the Grasshopper, looking at them aghast. "Such hospitality is not at all in keeping with your reputation as laid down in the gospel according to Æsop."

"Oh, dear, you mustn't place too much reliance on fables. And, besides, a bad reputation is as hard to live down to as a good one is to live up to."

E. O. J.



SHORT CUT TO WEALTH

BURROWES Cedar Chest

Moth-proof, Dust-proof. \$100 Down



Small monthly payments if you keep it. Many other styles, all at factory prices.

FREE TRIAL

BURROWES "COLONIAL" CHEST

quickly pays for itself by saving storage charges. Protects furs, suitcases, fabrics from moths, rats, dust and dampness, and lasts for generations. Handsome, massive piece of furniture, exquisitely made from America's Tennessee mountain-grown red cedar, the only moth-proof variety. All chests shipped on free trial. Write for catalog.

The E. T. BURROWES CO., 741 South St., Portland, Me.

BELGIAN COOK BOOK

Belgian women are celebrated for their excellent tables and strict economy. This collection of original recipes has been gathered from Belgian refugees in England and is sold by sanction of Queen Mary and Henrietta, Princess of Belgium, for the Belgian Relief Fund.

\$1.00 net.

At any bookstore.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



"My teeth are not thoroughly cleansed until all their surfaces are as clean as the front surfaces.

"As an aid to the tooth brush, nothing surpasses

LISTERINE

(The Safe Antiseptic)

"Listerine cleanses all the surfaces of the teeth some of which cannot be reached with the brush."

Use Listerine on the tooth brush; then rinse the mouth thoroughly with diluted Listerine. This is a convenient and scientific way to prevent mouth acids, and check decay of the teeth.

Avoid substitutes; refuse imitations in ordinary medicine bottles. Demand the genuine Listerine in original packages—brown wrapper—round bottle. Sold everywhere, at

15c—25c—50c—\$1.00

Made and Owned in America

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Missouri
Toronto, Canada

For "German-American" Read "German"

IT was Mr. Bernard Ridder who said at the loan-protest mass meeting in New York:

Let all of us who are bank depositors withdraw our money from banks dominated by J. P. Morgan, the British fiscal agent.

Let us start a great German-American bank, national in scope. We are able to initiate any institution that will help to build up German-American interests in this city and country.

In the last paragraph above the word "American" twice appears. Readers will notice that in each case it may be omitted without at all affecting the sense.

WILLIE: Paw, what is diplomacy?

PAW: Diplomacy is using soft soap on a man when you want to clean him up, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A COUNTRY convert, full of zeal, in his first praper-meeting remarks, offered himself for service. "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said he, "so long as it's honorable."—Argonaut.

A Word to the Sane

THOSE who wish to preserve their sanity are advised not to master the intricacies of the Rock Island scandal as conducted by the Messrs. Reid, Moore and other respectable financiers. Never since the dawn of Wall Street was there a more mystical maze of fiscal sinuosities and deviosities leading back and forth through the highways and byways of high finance, low finance and intermediate finance in all its gradations and degradations, and all with the most delicious disregard for stockholders, the public and everybody else but their own exalted and well-beloved selves.

The New York *Globe* has been struggling manfully with the story in an effort to show up its infernal details, but whether any real headway has been made or not we forbear to judge.

"Will I be hale and hearty when I'm old?"

If even now—when you should be in your prime—the cares and anxieties of daily life bring periods of lassitude, of weariness and of exhaustion, what of your health in the future? How can you hope to have the vigor of youthful bouyancy you see in so many hale old men who enjoy life so thoroughly, if you neglect to make good the over-draughts on your body and nerve strength?

Thousands of your fellow men and women have found the answer in *Sanatogen*. For making good the over-draughts upon nerves and vitality and for rebuilding waning strength, *Sanatogen* is used by physicians the world over, with results that have prompted more than 21,000 of them to write letters of hearty commendation.

For *Sanatogen* is a pure, natural food-tonic—not a medicine—is as harmless to the old as to the young—just concentrated material for building and conserving strength and vitality. That explains, for instance, why Dr. Ernest Ott, late King Edward's private physician, wrote:

"I have been using *Sanatogen* for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

And there are hundreds of famous laymen in the forefront of public life who praise *Sanatogen* as a giver of new strength and vitality. For example, John Burroughs, the venerable naturalist and author, wrote:

"I am sure I have been greatly benefited by *Sanatogen*. My sleep is fifty per cent. better than it was a year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."

When *Sanatogen* has helped so many, you can begin to realize what wonderful help it offers you in keeping "hale and hearty."

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in sizes from \$1.00 up

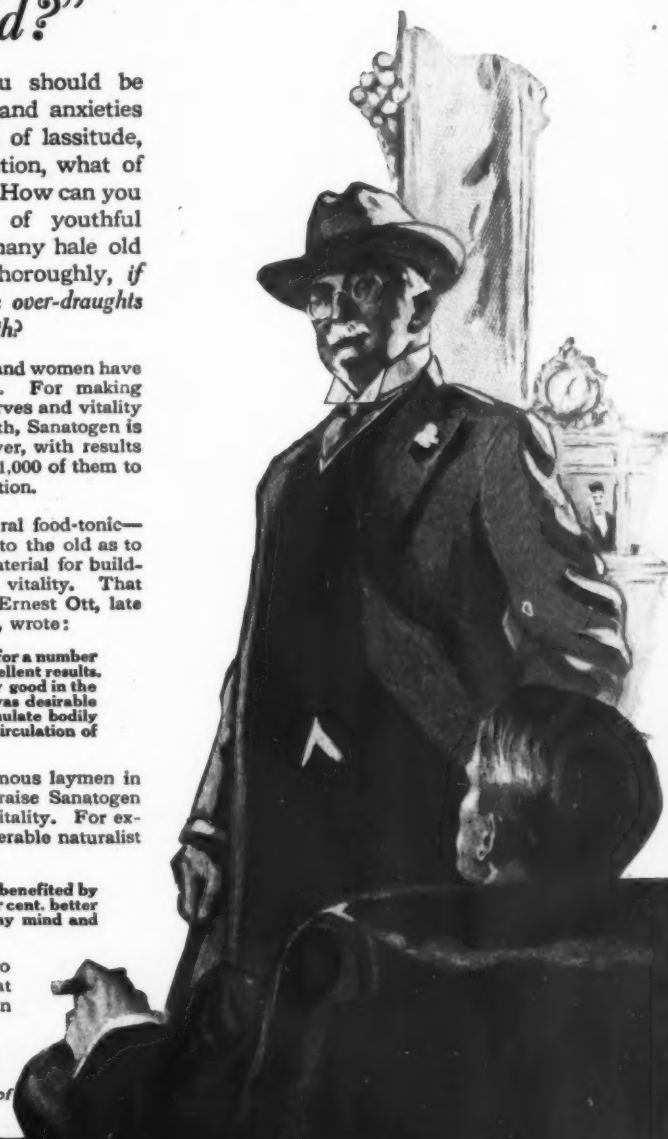
Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

SANATOGEN

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Send

for "*The Art of Living*," a charming little book by Richard Le Gallienne, the popular poet-author, touching on *Sanatogen*'s kindly help and giving other interesting aids in the quest for contentment and better health. This book is free. Tear this off as a reminder to write THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 24-E Irving Place, New York.



The Tabloid Story

New York LIFE is conducting an unique short-story contest for a goodly prize, to determine how short a short story can be and be good. A limit is set at 1,500 words. Every short story accepted for publication in LIFE is paid for at the rate of ten cents per word for every word under fifteen hundred words which the author does not write. I have been reading the stories as printed. No De Maupassant, no O. Henry, no Poe has revealed himself as yet. The tendency is to the anecdotic. Perhaps the limitation as to length enforces this. I have discovered no brilliant manifestation of imagination. The writers shy away from sex. They do not, at least none has yet, ventured into the region of psychical experience. No one has done anything in the Arthur Machen or Algernon Blackwood *genre*. No one handles the "eternal triangle" as do any of forty French writers one might name. This is not to say that there are no good stories among those published. Two or three in a space of about two hundred words are wonders of swift movement in tense condensation. All the examples are interesting and many are deft in the management of climactic surprise at the very end. The end of the contest should show us something of value as to the possibilities of such thumb-nail literary art. Are we not coming to the short story as short as a modern prayer, shorter than a modern sermon? No one wants to read a long novel now, or a long newspaper article—although "Jean Christophe" and some of De Morgan's successes are quite lengthy. Literature seems to be steadily diminishing to the tabloid form. We may find the old "three-decker that carried tired people to the Islands of the Blest" brought down to a gasoline-driven canoe. Writing people everywhere will learn something of their art from following LIFE's short-story contest.

Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

Not Up to Her Standard

"Have you any references?" inquired the lady of the house.

"Yis, mum, lots of thim," answered the prospective maid.

"Then why did you not bring some of them with you?"

"Well, mum, to tell the troot, they're just loike me photygraphs. None of thim don't do me justice."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Pull! Pull! The shade won't go up—
if the roller is not right**

HOW often has this happened in your home? And how often, too, have you had shades which couldn't be made to stay down? Hartshorn Shade Rollers avoid these annoyances. That is why they are used in over 10,000,000 homes. No

tacks are necessary. They cost but a few pennies more than the worst rollers you can buy. **FREE.** Send for valuable book, "How to Get the Best Service from Your Rollers." To be protected in buying rollers, always look for this name in script.

Stewart Hartshorn Co.
30 E. Newark, N. J.

Stewart Hartshorn

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS



CARSTAIRS RYE

THE "NIGHT-CAP"
SINCE 1788

**Carstairs Rye Has Been
Constantly Growing
Better For 127 Years**

It was the "drink of drinks" when the Nation was young—and it remains the same to-day.

When you drink Carstairs Rye, you enjoy the *oldest*, the *purest*, the *finest* whiskey in America.

Carstairs Rye is skillfully blended and aged in wood. In the non-refillable bottle—

"a good bottle to keep good whiskey good."

STEWART DISTILLING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE prominent social leader lay on her last bed. Her physicians had been unable to find that she was suffering from any organic complaint—it seemed to be just the natural ebbing away of life, to be expected with one of her age.

"I know I am going," she whispered to those about her. "But I die contented. The newspapers have no other photograph of me than the one I sat for thirty years ago, and of course they will print it with my children."



Bunny: THE JEWELER SAYS IT IS A TWENTY-TWO CARROT RING.

Students Want Nearing Back

FIFTEEN hundred students of the University of Pennsylvania have petitioned the provost and trustees to reinstate Scott Nearing as professor in the Wharton School.

Dr. Nearing seems a good man and very popular with students. He is a radical, but that's no harm. If there is any place in the country where a radical might hope to do good, it is the corrupt and conservative town of Philadelphia.

Mr. Nearing is a remarkable advertiser; probably he has a great natural gift in that direction like Inez Mil-

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Panama-Pacific

International Exposition 1915

Awarded Gold Medal

THE HIGHEST AWARD

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BOSTON, U. S. A.

The Carlsbad of America

THE cessation of travel abroad has made French Lick Springs more than ever before the health resort of America and Americans. The Fall season at the Springs is now at its height. Autumnal gold and browns make the rugged Indiana country surrounding the Springs a constant revelation of new beauties while the brisk, invigorating climate gives new verve to the enjoyment of golf, tennis, cross country walks, motoring and horse-back riding.

The baths at the Springs are famous for their curative properties. Pluto Water is recommended by physicians everywhere for indigestion, constipation, kidney, liver and stomach troubles. No metropolitan hotel offers its guests greater luxury or greater possibilities for entertainment than French Lick Springs Hotel.

We will gladly send you illustrated literature upon your request. Address Department A.

Pluto Water is bottled at the Springs and on sale everywhere.

**French Lick Springs
Hotel Company**

French Lick, Indiana

On the C. & L. (Moores) and Southern Rys.

THE HOME OF PLUTO
AMERICA'S PHYSIC



holland (that was), or Mr. Bryan, or Mr. Daniels, or Frank Walsh. It finally got on the nerves of the trustees. Imagine Frank Walsh as professor in the Wharton School! But Frank is doubtless a good man, and obviously a very clever man, and the Wharton students would probably adore him.

The complaint about Dr. Nearing, so far as we can make it out, is not

that he taught false doctrine, but that he managed to get the University too much identified with his opinions. The trustees couldn't stand the feeling that the University was being used as the tail to Nearing's kite, so they cut the string.

Result: the greatest scholastic row since the great Armageddon at Princeton.



The Man in the Multitude

That the human voice may be transmitted across our continent by telephone is the marvel of this age of wonders. Yet the full significance of the achievement is not realized if it is considered strictly as a coast-to-coast connection.

The Transcontinental Line not only bridges the country from east to west, but, by having finally overcome the great barrier of distance, it has removed the last limitation of telephone communication between all the people of the nation.

This means that the voice can be sent not only from New York to San Francisco, but from *anywhere* to *anywhere*—even from *any one* to *any one*—in the United States.

Wherever you are, it is possible to reach any one of our hundred million population. You can single out from this vast throng any particular individual with whom you desire to speak.

To bring this about, the Bell System has spent years and millions, extending its lines everywhere, anticipating the ultimate triumph. It has had the foresight and the courage to unite this great country, community by community, into one telephone neighborhood.

With success achieved by the Transcontinental Line, the established Bell highways make you, wherever you are, the near neighbor of your farthest-away fellow citizen.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Efficiency

THE eminent surgeon summoned his head office nurse and said:

"Have you looked up his financial rating through our private bureau and ascertained how much money he has in the bank?"

"I have."

"Have you seen his family physician who first sent for me and arranged with him for his commission?"

"I have."

"Then order my car and I will call on the approaching widow and tell her that it remains for her to say whether an operation shall be performed or not, but that in case it isn't done I shall not answer for the consequences."

Next!

The first requirement in education of childhood and youth throughout the world is such a revision of the definition of patriotism and such modification of the methods employed in the inculcation of this virtue as will lift the sentiment out of the racial, national and territorial boundaries into what may be termed the source of international relationship.

—Mrs. May Wright Sewall

A BLUE ribbon and an Iron Cross will be presented to the lucky person who makes the best guess as to what this really means. But it is doubtless comprehended under the term "idealism," a word which stands for almost anything.

We suppose the idea is that children and youths have at present a definition of patriotism which has got to be knocked out of their heads and supplanted by something else which is more comprehensive.

The best way we can think of doing this is for all the children of one country to be moved into another country long enough to imbibe some of its patriotism—then to all the other countries in turn. Any child who wants to be an international patriot—whatever that is—ought to be able to make the rounds of the principal countries before the age of twenty-one.

That's one way of circumventing war.

Too Good

"Well, Dinah, I hear you are married."

"Yassum," said the former cook, "I've done got me a man now."

"Is he a good provider?"

"Yassum. He's a mighty good provider, but I've powerful skeered he's gwine ter git kotched at it."

—Birmingham Age Herald.

There's something about them you'll like.

Twenty for a Quarter

Herbert Tareyton London Cigarettes

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS

P&O

The Best Regular Services to EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, PHILIPPINES, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND. Round World Trips and Winter Tours in INDIA. PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S. N. CO. Full information from CUNARD LINE, 24 State St., N.Y.



See the University

SEE and behold the University. Yes, what a well-dressed and well-behaved University it is! What is the University for?

The University is for the purpose of taking the youth of our country and making them refined and cultured and educated and superior.

How does the University go about this?

The University goes about this by teaching the students all about dead things—dead languages, dead kings, dead races, dead civilizations, dead theories, dead religions and so on.

Why is that?

The University aims to direct the attention of the students to the beauties of the past in order to prevent them from finding out too much about the horrors of the present.

Are the students taught to think?

No. They are merely taught facts which are carefully hand-picked. They are made to believe that it is dangerous to think, because it might disturb some of our well-established and more respectable iniquities.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes



Makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. For 25 years Allen's Foot-Ease has been the Standard Remedy for Tired, aching, swollen, smarting, tender feet. Nothing rests the feet so quickly and thoroughly. It takes the friction from the Shoe, the sting out of Corns and Bunions and makes walking a delight. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it TO-DAY. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Oh! What Rest and Comfort.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

FREE Trial for Xmas

Your choice of 100 styles famous Piedmont southern red cedar chest on 15 days' free trial.

We pay the freight. A Piedmont protects furs, woollens and plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp. Finest gift to any woman. Don't miss this liberal offer. Write today for big, new catalog and reduced factory prices.

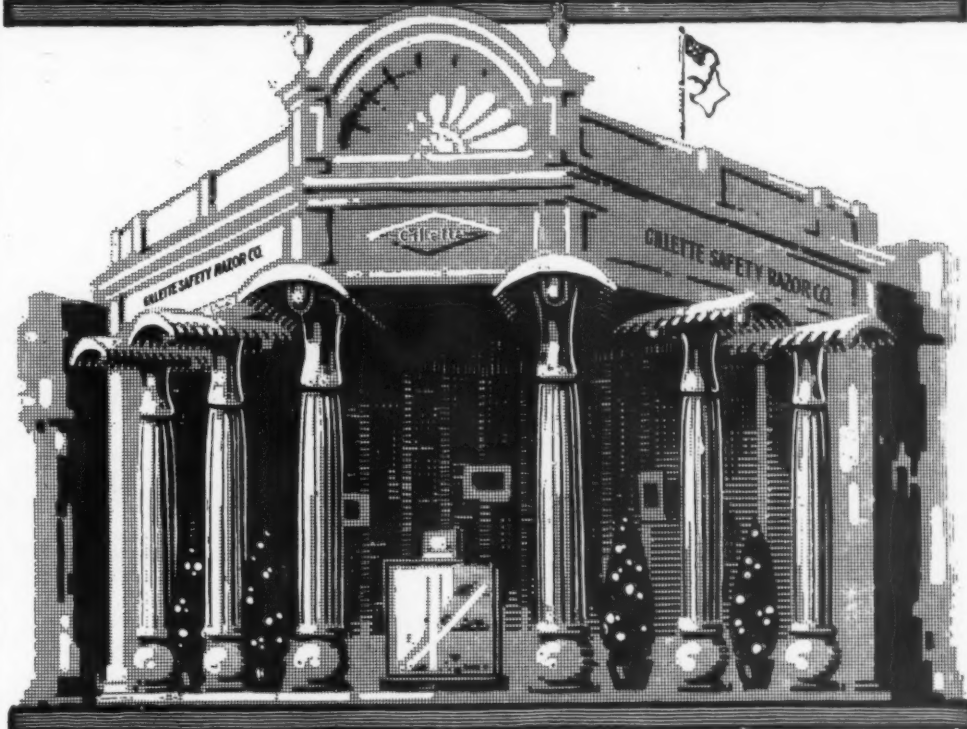
Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 88, Statesville, N. C.

WEBBER'S Hand Knit ALASKA JACKET

The Original Coat Sweater—In continuous use since 1897. Designed especially for duck shooting. Suitable for all outdoor use, if warmth and comfort a consideration. All Wool and Hand Knit. Price, \$5.00. Booklet, "The Need The Make The Price" tells all about it. Yours for a postcard. Address

Geo. F. Webber, Mfr., 415 Grand Ave., Detroit, Mich.

NO STROPPING—NO HONING



Grand Prize—Highest Award

THE Gillette Safety Razor wins the Grand Prize, Highest Award at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Made in America: Known the World Over—at home everywhere. Asks no odds of the heaviest beard—is kind to the skin—keeps right on the

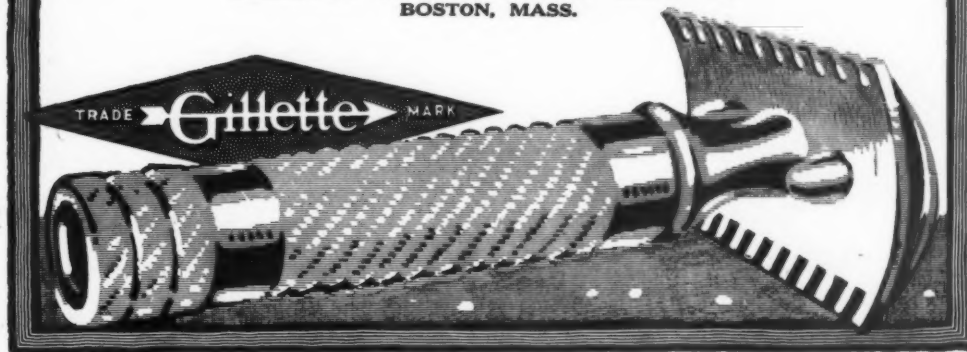
job—and No Stropping, No Honing.

Seven million Gillette users in all countries will endorse this finding of the Exposition Jury of Award.

If you are a Gillette user and know its value, think of your friends and remember the Gillette is "the happy thought in gifts."

Gillette Safety Razors, \$5 to \$50. Blades 50c. and \$1 a packet.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.



Who decides what those facts shall be?

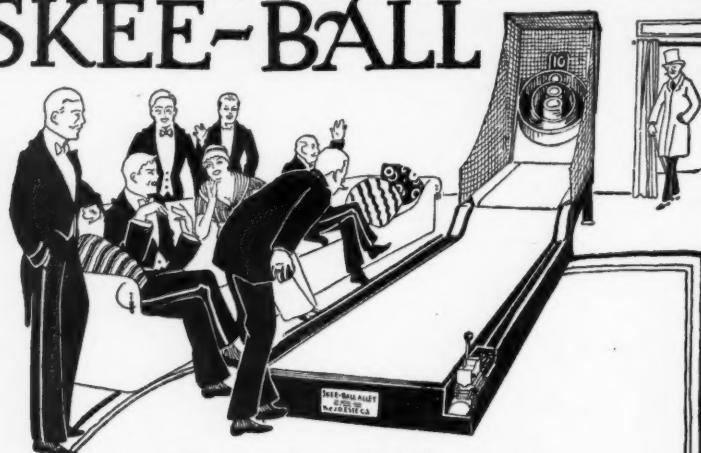
It works this way. The object being to prevent independent thinking of every kind, the students think what the faculty tell them to think; the faculty think what the trustees tell them to think; the trustees think what the politicians tell them to think; the politicians think what the financiers and monopolists tell them to think, and the financiers think that nothing is so

reprehensible as to try to disturb a profitable graft after it has once been stocked and bonded and distributed according to the rules of the stock market.

Does the University realize what a small cog it is in a very large wheel?

No, except upon those rare occasions when a member of the faculty breaks through the lines and insists upon expressing opinions which are not orthodox.
E. O. J.

SKEE-BALL



For the Clubman

SKEE-BALL alleys have been added to the equipment of the most exclusive clubs in the East. The fascination of this best of bowling games—a combination of skill and sporting chances—makes it tremendously popular. When the links and courts are in bad shape—when the liveliest city club is dull, Skee-Ball invariably draws the crowd that wants action. Skee-Ball alleys are conveniently built to fill odd space, they are handsome in appearance and require no attendants.

Women play Skee-Ball too—it is splendid for the home.

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THE J. D. ESTE COMPANY

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Maillard



"Quality-supremacy"

Your purchases will be packed ready for safe delivery and shipped to any address, on request.

Bonbons— Chocolates

Maillard candies, unvarying in their purity and flavor, have established an individual standard of quality in confections—that is why they enjoy a signal preference in the opinion of all who appreciate fine candies.

Afternoon Tea in the Luncheon Restaurant, three to six

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The Secret

IN summer when the sun was hot,
What garb was hers!
She gayly moved from spot to spot
Attired in furs.
White fox was wrapped about her
form—
A costly fad—
The hottest days she was not warm;
She just looked glad.
With winter coming on apace,
She doffs the furs;
Complexion powder, gauze and lace—
That garb is hers.
If dressed to suit the season's air
She would feel bored—
She's happy when what she may wear
She can't afford.

Progress

"I AM ruined."
The great clergyman, whose spiritual works had been a religious solace to thousands and whose sermons were quoted from Maine to California, bowed his head as he stood before his vestry.
"Yes, gentlemen," he continued, "in order to insure myself a steam yacht, a brownstone front and a limousine in my old age, some years ago I went into a so-called business venture. I speculated with holding companies, bought and sold and rigged and manipulated other people's money on the quiet until I became so deeply involved that I have had to fail for a million or so. Now that exposure has come, I am throwing up my hands and ask-

ing you to be as merciful to me as possible."

The chairman of the vestry was a stern but just man.

"The mistake you made, sir," he replied, "was in venturing into a field in which you were ignorant. When it comes to stock rigging, fooling the public, robbing the widows and orphans, etc., you should leave all this sort of thing to the highly respectable

financiers among us who belong to your church. But have no fear. Speaking for my body, I think I may say that we will stand by you."

"Stand by me!"

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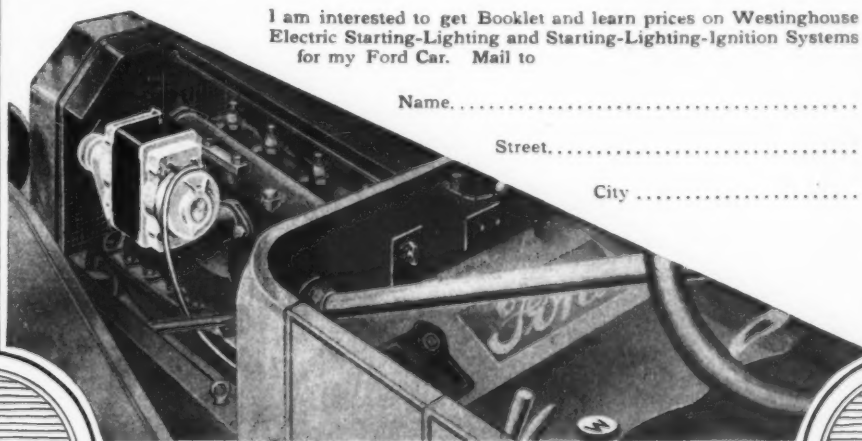
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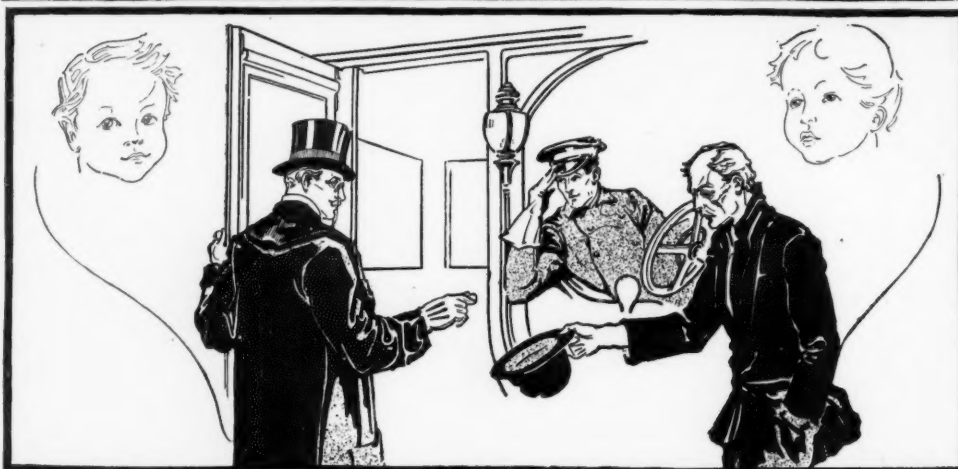
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*This is only a partial list—
a complete list of con-
tents would almost fill
this page*

Both Had an Equal Chance

—Power of Will Made the Difference

Why is it that two men with equal opportunities, with equal mental equip-
ment, sometime end up so differently?
One fights his way to influence, money and power, overcoming seemingly
unsurmountable obstacles, while the other tries one thing after another,
gradually losing his grip—never succeeding at anything.
It isn't luck—there's no such thing in the long run—it's a difference of
will-power, that's all.
No man has ever achieved success until he has learned to use his will—
upon that does success hinge. When the will fails, the battle is lost. The
will is the weapon of achievement. Show me a big, successful man and I'll
show you a strong-willed man, every time, whether a business man, a states-
man, lawyer, doctor or fighter.

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It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful
power—by intelligent exercise and use.
The trouble with almost everyone is that they do not use their wills.
They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become
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the faculty we call "Will-Power." Because we never use the Will, we finally
become unable to use it.

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